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CLASS BOOK
OF THE
CLASS OF EIGHTY-EIGHT
OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE

"Fact olim meminisse iuvabit"

EDITED BY
HOWELL STROUD ENGLAND
FRANCIS COPE HARTSHORNE WILLIAM DRAPER LEWIS
JOSEPH TATUM HILLES FREDERICK WISTAR MORRIS, JR.
JOSEPH WEBSTER SHARP, JR.

Haverford College
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DEDICATION.

WE dedicate to memories dear
Of four short years, whose paths appear
Across life's seas like golden rays
Of sunshine, soft with autumn haze,
This little book presented here.

And to each heartfelt smile and tear,
To each strong hope, each manly fear,
Which made us first to know life's ways,
This record of our youthful days
We dedicate.

And lastly, to that future near,
Toward which with confidence we steer,
Resolved the sluggish world to raise,
Unmindful of her blame or praise,
These gleanings of our lives' first year
We dedicate.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.

IN authorizing the publication of this little book, the Class of '88 has no apologies to offer. The four years of happy, careless college life, the healthy rivalries in sports and literary work, the lofty aims and high ideals of our instructors, inspiring us to imitation, and the many lasting friendships formed—all, all attest the fitness, the propriety of publishing this volume, small though it be.

To be sure, there will be found throughout the book many occult allusions, which to all but those who are familiar with the inner life of '88, must be as dark enigmas.

In presenting these to our friends, we beg their kind indulgence, for to us the incidents recalled by these vague hints are full of meaning and of mirth; and, in our after lives, perchance when burdened with professional or business cares, it may be that a single word will bring smiles to our faces, and the present troubles will be laid aside while we enjoy, for a moment, some pleasant memory of our college lives.

But all the narratives and all the jokes recorded on these pages, we trust, are not of this hidden nature, and that our friends will find enough of fact and fun to pay them for perusal.

In regard to the statistics in the "Class Record," we wish to say that they are not complete. Many of the authorities which ought to have been consulted could not be found, and, therefore, the friends of those of us whose records are but short, may rest assured that the many achievements of these unfortunate men

have been recorded somewhere—where, it is not known. The men are all great and have done great deeds—so great, in fact, that we can share the fond wish of our poet that

“ Perhaps some kindly trait
Which ne'er may from our college pass,
Belonged to Eighty-eight.”

And now, on giving this little “Class Book” to the world, the best wish we can tender to our readers is the true desire that Fate may hold for them a future as enjoyable and full of all things fair, as were our college days.

THE CLASS OF '88.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, *June 26th, 1888.*



CLASS RECORD.

CHARLES HEATON BATTEY

Entered college, scientific section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Athenæum September, 1885. Elected "Gem" Editor Athenæum second half Sophomore year; re-elected. Elected Treasurer Athenæum; Elected Loganian member Athenæum. Elected P. C. Athenæum. re-elected. Elected Curator of Museum, Loganian. Elected Vice-President Athenæum. Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

LAWRENCE PETERSON BEIDELMAN

Entered college, engineering section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Athenæum September, 1884. Elected "Gem" Editor first half Sophomore year. Elected Secretary Athenæum. Designed Class Memorial Shield. Graduated B. E. June 26th, 1888.

EDWARD HUSSEY BINNS

Entered college as special student September 17th, 1884. Joined Athenæum September, 1885. Left college December 24th, 1885.

RALPH HOLDEN BINNS

Entered college as special student September 17th, 1884. Left college June 23d, 1885.

HOWLAND BOWNE

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Athenæum September, 1884. As Freshman played on College Foot-Ball Team, and 2d eleven Cricket. As Sophomore played on College Foot-Ball and Base-Ball Teams, and 1st eleven Cricket. Left college December 24th, 1885.

EDWARD BROOKS, JR.

Entered college, classical section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett September, 1884. Played on College Base-Ball nine. Left college June 23d, 1885.

FREDERIC COLLINS, JR.

Entered college, scientific section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Everett.

As Sophomore played on 2d eleven Cricket College Team. As Junior played on College 1st eleven Cricket Team. Won 2d XI Prize Ball Junior Year. Joined Everett September, 1885. Left college December 23d, 1887.

JOHN COWGILL CORBIT, JR.

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Athenæum September, 1884. Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

EXUM MORRIS COX

Entered college, classical section, September 15th, 1886. Joined Everett September, 1886. As Senior elected President of College Y. M. C. A. Elected Salutatorian by the Class. Played on College Foot-Ball Team Senior year. Won First Prize in Everett Oratorical Contest Senior Year. Graduated A. B. June 26th, 1888.

CHARLES WILMOT DAWSON

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Elected Register Everett December, 1884. Immediately resigned. Designed Class Seal. Left college June 22d, 1886.

HOWELL STROUD ENGLAND

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett September, 1884. Elected Register Everett December, 1884. Appointed to receive Class Spoon June, 1885. Librarian Everett 1885. P. C. Everett, 1886. Associate Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, Everett, April, 1885. Loganian Member, Everett 1885. P. C. Loganian 1886. Made Chairman Zoological Div. Naturalists' Field Club. Elected Associate Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, Loganian. Editor-in-Chief HAVERFORDIAN, Loganian. Continued Editor by College. Won honorable mention Prize Debate, Everett, '84. 1st Prize Essay, Everett, '86. Alumni Prize Oration, '88. Elected Class Historian; resigned. Elected Class Poet. Chosen Editor of "Class Book." Entered Classical Section February 2d, 1885. Graduated A. B., first in his section, June 26th, 1888.

HENRY VOLKMAR GUMMERE

Entered college, scientific section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Athenæum. Elected Loganian member Athenæum. Elected "Gem" Editor Athenæum 1st half Junior year. Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

FRANCIS COPE HARTSHORNE

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Chosen Assistant Business Manager of THE HAVERFORDIAN. Elected Associate Editor of HAVERFORDIAN, Everett. Elected Loganian Member, Everett. Elected Everett Librarian; and again elected. Elected Associate Editor HAVERFORDIAN, Loganian. Elected Secretary Everett 1st half Sophomore year. Elected Class President first half Sophomore year. Elected Class Historian. Elected to present "Class Spoon." Graduated S. B., first in his section, June 26th, 1888.

JOSEPH TATUM HILLES

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Elected Budd Editor, Everett, '86. Elected Loganian Member Everett, '87. Elected Class President first half Junior year. Elected "Class Presenter." As Freshman played on College Base-Ball Nine. As Sophomore played on College 2d eleven Cricket, College Foot-Ball and Base-Ball Teams. As Junior played on 1st eleven College Cricket, Base-Ball and Foot-Ball, and captained College 2d eleven Cricket. As Senior played on College 1st eleven Cricket and Foot-Ball; captained the latter team. (There was no College Base Ball team this year.) Won 2d eleven Prize Ball for bowling, Junior year. Won 1st eleven Prize Bat, Senior year. Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

HERBERT CHARLES HOWELL

Entered college, engineering section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett September, 1884. As Freshman played on College Base-Ball Team. Left college June 23d, 1885.

RICHARD MOTT JANNEY

Entered college, special student, September 16th, 1885. Joined Everett. As Sophomore played on College Base-Ball Nine. Left college December 23d, 1886.

JOSEPH ESREY JOHNSON, JR.

Entered college, engineering section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Everett. Graduated B. E., first in his section, June 26th, 1888.

JOSEPH HENRY JOHNSON

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. As Freshman played on 2d eleven College Cricket Team. Left college June 23d, 1885.

MORRIS EVANS LEEDS

Entered college, scientific section, September 15th, 1886. Joined Everett September, 1886. Elected Secretary of Naturalists' Field Club, Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

WILLIAM DRAPER LEWIS

Entered college, scientific section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Everett September, 1885. Elected Loganian Member, Everett. Elected Vice-President Loganian, Senior year. Elected P. C. Everett 1st half Senior year. Elected President Everett 2d half Senior year. Elected Class President 1st half Senior year. Elected to present "Class Tablet" to college. Won honorable mention in Alumni Prize contest, Senior year. As Junior and Senior played on College Foot-Ball Team. Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

FREDERICK WISTAR MORRIS, JR.

Entered college, engineering section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Athenæum September, 1885. Elected Associate Editor HAVERFORDIAN, Athenæum, April, 1887. Elected Loganian member Athenæum. Elected P. C. of Loganian Senior year. Elected "Gem" Editor Athenæum 1st half Junior year; re-elected. Elected Secretary Athenæum. Elected President Athenæum. Elected Class President 2d half Senior year. Played on 1st eleven College Cricket Teams of his Junior and Senior years, and 2d eleven Cricket Team of his Sophomore. Graduated B. E. June 26th, 1888.

RICHARD JONES MORRIS

Entered college, engineering section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Athenæum. Elected "Gem" Editor Athenæum. As Sophomore and Junior played on 2d eleven College Cricket Team. Left college June, 1888.

JOHN PERCIVAL NIELDS

Entered college, classical section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Elected "Bud" Editor Everett; re-elected. Won first prize in Everett oratorical contest, '87. Won honorable mention in Alumni Prize contest, '87. Elected Loganian member Everett. Elected Librarian Loganian, Junior year. Left college June 21st, 1887.

THOMAS J. ORBISON

Entered college, classical section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett.

Elected Class President 2d half of Sophomore year. Played as Sophomore and Junior on 2d eleven College Cricket, and College Foot-Ball and Base-Ball Teams, and as Sophomore, Junior and Senior on the College Foot-Ball Team. Left college January, 1888.

GEORGE STUART PATTERSON

Entered college, classical section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Elected Treasurer Everett 2d half Freshman year. Elected Class President for Freshman year. Played as Freshman and Sophomore on the College 1st eleven Cricket Team, and captained the latter year. Won Scrub Match Bat, first XI Bat and Scrub Match Ball Sophomore year. Left college June 22d, 1888.

EDWARD MORRILL POPE

Entered college, classical section, September 16th, 1885. Joined Everett September, 1885. Elected "Budd" Editor Everett. Always led the college in all grades. Died, at Haverford College, December 19th, 1886.

GEORGE BRINTON ROBERTS

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Graduated S. B. June 26th, 1888.

JOSEPH WEBSTER SHARP, JR.

Entered college, scientific section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett September, 1885. Elected Secretary Everett. Elected President Everett. Elected Class President 2d half of Junior year. Elected Loganian Member. Won Freshman Prize Cricket Belt. Won first XI Prize Cricket Belt Sophomore year. Won first XI Prize Cricket Ball Junior year. Won honorable mention Alumni Prize Contest Senior year. Elected Class Prophet, and "Spoon Man." Played on 1st eleven College Cricket team throughout his course. Captained the team as Senior. As Freshman and Sophomore played on College team Foot-Ball. Played on all College Base-Ball teams. Won 1st eleven Cricket Prize Ball, Junior year.

ALLISON WING SLOCUM

Entered college, classical section, September 15th, 1886. Joined Athenæum September, 1886. Elected Vice-President Athenæum. Elected Loganian Member Athenæum. Elected President Athenæum 2d half Senior year. Played on all College Base-Ball Teams, and 2d eleven

College Cricket Team of Senior year. Elected to present to the college the "'88 Prize Foot-Ball Cup." Graduated A. B. June 26th, 1888.

MARTIN BELL STUBBS

Entered college, classical section, September, 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Elected Chairman Geological Div. Naturalists' Field Club. Graduated A. B. June 26th, 1888.

TAKASAKI

Entered college, special student, October, 1884. Left college November, 1884.

HERMAN GREIG VEEDER

Entered college, special student, September 17th, 1884. Left Class June 23d, 1885.

CHARLES RANDOLPH WOOD

Entered college, classical section, September 17th, 1884. Joined Everett. Won 2d eleven Cricket Prize Ball, Senior year. Played on 2d eleven College Cricket Team of his Senior year, and captained the team. Left college June 26th, 1888.

ROBERT C. WRIGHT

Entered college, scientific section, September 29th, 1884. As Freshman played on College Foot-Ball Team. Left college June 23d, 1885.



CLASS HISTORY.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

E were a curious lot when first we came to Haverford. Afraid of everyone and suspicious of each other, it was not until the evening of the first day, when we received that invitation from the Sophomores, that we began to appreciate that there was a common bond uniting us. As we filed meekly out to the gymnasium, some of us recalled how confidently we had told our friends that, whatever happened, *we* would not be tossed. Some did protest, to be sure, but most of us did not hesitate long when we heard our names called out. But it was a much more good-natured affair than we had expected, and when it was all over we felt that we had been fully initiated into College life. Soon after this we had our first class meeting, and having prepared a "constitution," which was never seen afterwards, elected Patterson president, and "Chawles" secretary, to give him points on Parliamentary order.

Unlike the lower classes of the present day, we devoted all our spare time to cricket, for which our enthusiasm knew no bounds. This industrious practising, which was mainly owing to Patterson's influence, soon developed some very good material, and in the match with '87 the unheard-of spectacle was presented of the Freshmen beating the Sophomores in the first innings, and only being defeated by the latter in the second. Patterson carried his bat the first innings, and bowled six men for seven runs. In the gymnasium, also, we showed great energy, and soon developed some remarkable experts on the bar and rings. Percy's boxing-

gloves brought out a variety of skilled pugilists;—heavy-weights, like Hilles and Johnson, who fought for knockouts, and feather-weights, like Patterson and Sharp, who sparred only for points. In foot-ball, we made ourselves felt at once, and had three men on the college team when the latter beat Lehigh. Though beaten by Swarthmore and University, we defeated the Germantown Academy in *Wright* good style, and even that relic of barbarism, the Class of '85, found in us no mean opponents, though we cannot say the same for them.

But there is one word that, to the mind of every '88 man, brings up a host of happy memories. At the mere mention of "Spotsy," we all begin to smile. Who can describe those lively "recitations?" Who can record the number of zeros given to "the boys on the back bench?" Or who can recall the number of times that Johnson was requested to LEAVE!! or that Hilles took a bench off, or that "Bones" lost the place, or that Hartshorne laughed? Verily the world could not contain the books that should be written! Ah, those were merry times in there, and though the old gentleman thundered away at us, calling us "Little Boys," "No Gentlemen" and "Personal Enemies," and sliced our marks down all the time, we were quite fond of him, after all. This affection was considerably increased by the fact that the work of preparation was not very difficult, as the improvements which our "Revised Versions" (Smart and Bohn) had made in the text, made translation quite rapid. Two honorable members, however, insisted upon worrying the dictionary, and a third would have us believe he did so at home, but we noticed that when he arrived at college he generally liked to take a little ride with the members of the "T. C." The latter organization was also a whist-playing and gastronomical club, and its members frequently regaled themselves with *very nice* sarsaparilla and sausages fried *à la* floor.

One thing which we had a good deal of trouble in overcoming was the military-academy side of Dawson's character, which was only finally eradicated after repeated efforts. His room (in which one recalls the peace pipe that some of us once tried to smoke, and the Zulu weapon with a long name that had killed a man) was frequently put in "most admir'd disorder," or was made the arena in which our rival wrestlers held their contests.

And now a multitude of minor thoughts crowd into my mind and clamor for expression. Fire crackers reverberating through the halls, or exploding in dangerous proximity to a sainted head; lamp chimneys falling with a crash upon the floor; midnight horrors of many kinds; warm afternoons spent in laziness at the "Bummers' Retreat;" weary pilgrimages for meteorological purposes to the Observatory or Tower; victorious coasts on our unrivaled sled, and clandestine trips to "the little tavern blue." And thus, with much fun and little study, we passed on to the end of our Freshman year, and great was our happiness when we received the spoon and became Sophomores.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

It is not often that a college student feels so perfectly satisfied with himself and the world as he does when entering upon his second year. The recollection of the loneliness and humility of his former appearance only serve to make his second advent more enjoyable, and coupled with this is the great pleasure of meeting his friends again. When our honored class came to college the second time, it was found to have changed somewhat in the interval. Howell the Sleepy, "Mary" the Rapid, Johnson the Gally, Binns the Loafer, and Brooks the Violinist, had all left for other and more congenial spheres; and in their place we received—Morris the Rosy, and Morris' Guardian, Gummeré the

Bearded, and "Jim" the Indignant; "Fweddy," the Witty; Lewis, the-man-with-a-club, and Esrey—the—well, words can't describe him.

The growing freshness of '89 first attracted our attention, and it was decided that something must be done to counteract the undesirable effect of the prohibition of tossing. Accordingly, a committee was appointed, and having exacted a pledge from Sharp that he would not laugh, sent the sergeant-at-arms to bring in the offenders; Charles, putting on his most savage look, did the talking, and it was a sight for gods and men to see those Freshmen wilt and tremble under his rhetorical thunders.

The cane-rush was somewhat of a surprise to us, as the Freshmen had intimated that they would not make the attempt. However, we pitched into them immediately, and twenty minutes' agony ensued. Orbison especially fought very well, not being at all embarrassed by the removal of his clothing, and Ed. Binns showed up as a dark horse, being on the cane all the time, though dressed in ordinary clothes, and wearing a plug hat, which he kept on till the end. At the end we had five men on the cane, and so the victory was awarded to us. The struggle was a severe one, and Sharp was pretty well exhausted, but a little "Grenet cleaning solution" braced him up. Mr. Dawson, however, was more seriously injured, having suffered a severe contusion of the chest, occasioned, we believe, by squeezing Geary's head.

Our foot-ball team this year was an excellent one, and we defeated the University and Swarthmore Sophomores in great style, the latter game being particularly brilliant. The class match with '87 was never finished, as in the early part of the game Sharp had his nose broken in some mysterious way. His discourse that night, while under the influence of liquor (Ether Sulphuric), will never be forgotten by those who were with him. Besides im-

agining himself to be John Sullivan, he announced his intention of writing for the *Burlington Hawkeye*, and, indeed, had the editor of that paper been present to hear his side-splitting remarks, he would have engaged him at once. We also practiced baseball when out surveying, but did not get up a class team.

The generous farewell gift of Ed. Binns, namely, our first class supper, and the first one ever held at Haverford, came off in December of this year, and was a great success. The custom then inaugurated at Haverford has been kept up ever since. Though this was our second year at college, we had not yet become very studious, but were still somewhat inclined to youthful pranks. Some of us no doubt have some very vivid recollections of an affair of canned pears, etc., while others remember with amusement the night that nine of us went into Collection dressed up in improvised dress suits, well corked, and otherwise festively decorated, and also the picture we had taken afterwards. In physics, Collins was a very acceptable member, furnishing numerous occasions of merriment in that generally not very humorous subject. In the French class Hartshorne got himself disliked by not surrendering his paper, while in Paley he caused the Professor to make a most derogatory remark. It was also about this time that George Whithead, of Toledo, donated his valuable collection of mound-builder relics and Sahara sand to the Museum, through the agency of Hilles, England and Dawson.

As Charles had given a great deal of trouble in our Freshman year, so Esrey kept us busy a great part of this year; and, as usual, Tommy took the lead in the acclimating process. Night after night in his room, Esrey would perform various wonderful gymnastic feats in the presence of an admiring audience. His astronomical observations through a coat sleeve were also remarkable, though sometimes interfered with by damp weather. This vigorous treatment, prolonged even into the Junior year, gradually

had an effect, and the family disposition to use cricket bats, geological hammers, etc., with murderous intent, finally passed away.

Our Sophomore year may be said to have been dedicated to the successful performance of one event, namely, cremation. We determined to have one that should eclipse all records, and to it we devoted all our energy and ingenuity. The novel ideas of having Japanese costumes and an execution originated in the fertile brains of two of our schemers early in the fall. Every committee did its work faithfully, and the Executive Committee, by frequent exercise of tact and skill, directed everything, and secured the harmonious working of the whole. Charles deserves especial credit for the construction of the effigy, which was a very difficult task. Another member, happily still with us, also contributed largely to the success of the affair. Who has forgotten the untiring perseverance with which Lewis endeavored to accustom us to complicated manœuvres in the jolly rehearsals down by the creek? How hard all of us had to work the morning of that great day! How discouraging to have the platform break down when we thought it secure! How lowering the sky all the morning and afternoon! But, in spite of all, our cremation was an unparalleled success! Never had a more glorious moon looked down upon a lovelier scene. Never before had so large and orderly a crowd been present to witness such a novel spectacle. How vividly it all comes before us! The procession from the gymnasium, while the big bell rang and the bugle sounded clear upon the still air; the marching and counter-marching in the presence of an immense concourse of people; the speeches, the conviction and binding of Wentworth, and the skillful substitution of the effigy; the dull thud of the executioner's sword, and the blood gushing (?) from the headless trunk; the cremation of the corpse, and the concluding songs

and marches, which ended the cremation dear to the heart of every '88 man. With the last echoes of the retiring singers died out also the custom in the college history, for few cared to imitate what none could equal.

About this time we played our second cricket match with '87, and, thanks to Collins' bowling and Patterson's batting, we won the match and the college championship, with one wicket to spare. Out of the twelve cricket prizes awarded this year, '88 took eight, of which Patterson received four. The presentation of the spoon to the Freshmen was enlivened by Tommy's cutting remarks, his "Mothers and Gardeners" being particularly taking. We think it was about this time that one of our members made the statement that, "Savonarola went to Florence," and, for all we know, he may be there yet, for we have never heard of his getting away.

And thus our Sophomore year came to an end. It was pleasanter than the Freshman year in many ways, and although in the course of it we had greatly neglected our studies, and had engaged in many youthful pranks, as it drew on to a close we began to catch a glimpse of the real meaning of a college course, and most of us went home resolving that another year should witness less wasted time and more hard work.

JUNIOR YEAR.

On returning to college again we found that two of our men were missing. "Chawles the Bearded" had left us to go to the Institute of Technology, and the following verse in THE HAVERFORDIAN commemorated his departure:

"Alack, alack! our noble 'Chawles,'
We sorely mourn thy loss;
Thy sweet 'Gor ram' and graceful spun,
And 'smutty albatross';
And now, alas!
Thy wayward class
Is left without a boss."

Nevertheless, his loss was much regretted, as he had been a very valuable member in many ways, and there was a label famine in the Laboratory for many years. Patterson grieved us deeply by falling from grace and entering the University, a loss from which the class and college cricket teams suffered severely. However, three new arrivals, Slocum, Cox and Leeds soon made up for these delinquencies.

As is apt to be the case, our Junior year was rather destitute of incidents. In the sporting line we played a very exciting football game with '89. The two halves were played on separate days, and on the first we had the ball in their territory all the afternoon, and would probably have scored, had not two of our men been disqualified in a rather hasty manner. Sharp had not played any since his accident, but now he yielded to the entreaties of all his classmates, and it may be truly said that he saved the game by one or two splendid runs. '89 scored a touch-down but missed the goal, and just at the very end of the game Hilles shoved Sharp through the line and the latter secured a touch down. The time was too short, however, and the "try-at-goal" failed, and this most exciting game resulted in a tie. After this we settled down to work, and men who had formerly never been known to open a book, now studied industriously. Many of us took a lively interest in the literary societies, and we were certainly the life of them.

In December of this year, two sad events took place, and, for a while, cast a gloom upon the college. One was the death of the revered and honored professor, of whom we had seen but little, yet enough to make him dear to all of us. The other sorrow, which came even nearer home, was the sudden death of our most gifted classmate, Edward Morrill Pope. An inflammation caused by a trifling bruise received while snow-balling, soon developed into a most virulent fever, from which he never recovered.

His sorrowing class passed appropriate resolutions and had them sent to his bereaved family, and the following beautiful sketch, by Percy Nields appeared in THE HAVERFORDIAN.

"The death of Edward M. Pope was an unexpected calamity to the college and to his relations. The transition from life and strength to death was so sudden that we are unable to realize the fact. The empty chair at class, the vain search for the calm face, and the voice heard no more, will force us to comprehend our loss.

"The signs of future usefulness were already apparent in a character of intellectual grasp, manliness and simplicity. His faculties were evenly balanced, and he understood with equal facility and accuracy the branches of languages, mathematics and science which he had studied. In no class will his loss be felt more than in the Greek, where his authority was supreme, and his elegant translations the pride of his fellows. He was by nature and inclination a student, and the sports in which he participated were always of secondary interest.

"His heart was pure and simple. He thought ill of no one because he saw some good in all. He never appeared to be what he was not. He made no pretense to learning which he did not possess. There is not a man in college who ever heard from his lips a word that was impure or untrue. His bearing, whether among his classmates or professors, was always of the same dignity and openness. He looked forward to the future with a calm hope.

"He did what many of us try to do: he lived out in his life the principles of a personal Christianity with a simplicity and at the same time a firmness that is rarely seen.

"His class and those who really knew him will be made to realize that a strength has passed from them and from the institution to which he belonged."

Junior day being the greatest occasion of this year, the nomination of the speakers soon claimed our attention. But the fact was soon developed that our class contained, over and above the usual number, a number of men who were both able and willing to speak. Hence, with our usual regard for the feelings of each individual, rather than make an arbitrary selection, we decided to have two nights and give everyone a chance to speak. Thirteen men presented themselves, and of these six spoke the first evening and seven the second. Quite a number of good-natured controversies took place before the affairs came off, on the questions of wearing gowns, and of sitting on the platform. The first project was given up, but the second was adhered to and proved a great success. The hall was well filled on both nights, and the labors of the decorating committee were much admired. The first night was perhaps the greatest success, as it was not marked by a single blemish, but the second was made memorable by Percy Nields' oration on the Federal Convention. Thus we demonstrated to the world that the class of '88 contained twice the average amount of talent. Lewis, Battey, Cox and Nields all tried for the Alumni Prize, but none of them spoke as well as on Junior Day. However, the contest was very close between Percy and the winner, and many thought that the decision should have been the other way.

On the eighth of May we held our second class supper, the custom having meanwhile spread to the other classes. With the exception of certain foreign birds, it was a perfect success,—Corbit officiating as Toast Master, and calling upon the members to respond to prearranged toasts. In cricket this year we had hard luck. We defeated the Sophomores by five wickets and thirteen runs, mainly owing to Collins' work with the bat and the ball, as in the use of the latter he had become remarkably expert, having taken seven wickets for five runs against the Young America

Second. The Sophomores having been defeated by us played the Seniors, and were beaten by only fourteen runs. But when we played '87, Morris and Stokes made such a stand that before it was broken the issue of the game was decided, and with the loss of two more wickets they excelled our score of seventy-two, and gained the college championship, which we had held the year before. After undergoing the trying ordeal of seven examinations, we separated once more, intending, with the exception of Nields, who went to Harvard, to return to college again in the fall.

SENIOR YEAR.

We entered upon our Senior year in the usual manner by moving up to the end tables and assuming control of the college. Lewis left his old quarters and moved up to Barclay Hall, where his palatial apartments soon became an indoor "Bummers' Retreat," and in which he presided in state as head of a bureau of statistics, which latter he obtained from huge census reports, etc., and inscribed on vast rolls of paper, which, if used as campaign documents, would undoubtedly secure the election of Cleveland. For the second time we played '89 for the foot-ball championship, and another very exciting game was the result. The work of our backs was magnificent, but the stubborn resistance of '89's rush-line was too much for them, and also owing to the slippery ground, our men failed to score. For awhile it looked as if neither side would score, but finally Branson, by a few irresistible rushes, secured a touch-down, and the game was lost after a memorable struggle.

Our Senior year was pre-eminently a hard-working year. As it went on, Sharp began to gain an appreciation of the problems of Astronomy, Lewis reveled in advanced calculus, Martin plotted dynamite outrages, and the "Local Editor" started a "sample room." Our indomitable schemer, England, no longer

having to meet the opposition of '87, now succeeded in persuading the students to wear gowns and to take charge of THE HAVERFORDIAN. Weary of being led around by the nose by Dr. McCosh, the class ordered a "kicking" committee to get up a protest, and after a hundred or so had been prepared by the desperate committee, one was finally accepted, unanimously signed, and sent into the good old doctor, who was almost taken off his feet by such a demonstration. The misconceptions of a mathematician in regard to Evolution, which came later in the year, were very spicy, but the discussions which followed only served to show the old gentleman that the class, with one exception, were all going to a warmer climate, whence they will probably frequently return to deceive the ignorant through the agency of the planchette, which, therefore, is synonymous with Tommy's "H——l on Wheels." The one exception, as a fit preparation to the perfect being which he will hereafter become, receives none but perfect marks.

The Alumni Prize contest added another laurel to the many already in our possession. The judges pronounced the orations unusually good, and awarded the prize to H. S. England, and *two* honorable mentions (an unusual thing), namely, W. D. Lewis and J. W. Sharp, Jr., and if there had been anything more to win, Cox was there to take it.

The festivity of the class during this year was something remarkable. Never was a class as handsomely entertained by its members. C. R. Wood led off by giving us a dinner at his house, during the winter, and Lewis followed with another at his brother's house, in the spring. But perhaps the most successful of all was the garden party given for the class by Fred Morris. The hospitality and attentiveness of our host and hostesses was unexcelled, and everyone enjoyed himself immensely. But the climax was reached in our last supper, held at Devon Inn.

Arriving at the inn about sunset, after a jolly ride up in a four-horse coach, and having astonished the hotel people by giving the college and class yells, we proceeded at once to the room in which our supper had been prepared for us. After a few courses had been served, the *menu* was varied by the reading of successive portions of the history, and afterwards of the prophecy and the class poem. After this many of the members were called upon for speeches, and, though it was a very pleasant occasion, everyone seemed a little saddened by the thought of the coming separation. A short business meeting was then held, and Sharp was elected to receive the spoon, and the following scheme for a permanent organization was adopted:

ARTICLE 1. There shall be a President, whose duties shall be, (a) To call all meetings; (b) To preside at all meetings.

ARTICLE 2. There shall be a Secretary, whose duties shall be, (a) To take charge of all money and other property belonging to the organization; (b) To keep the P. O. address of all members, together with a record of the principal events of their lives; (c) To notify the members of all meetings and to send them any other information which he shall deem of sufficient importance.

ARTICLE 3. Unless otherwise provided for, meetings shall take place every five years, at which reunions an election for President and Secretary shall take place.

ARTICLE 4. A quorum shall consist of those present at any meeting of which a sufficient notice has been given. Written proxies shall be accepted.

W. D. Lewis was elected President, and J. W. Sharp, Jr., Secretary. About one o'clock we left the hotel, and the whole of the moonlight drive home was made hideous by blood-curdling

bugle solos and rousing songs. And thus followed, as we imagined, by a continuous stream of imprecations from the people we had disturbed along the route, we at length reached the college and ended our last and most successful lark.

On Saturday, June 23d, 1888, was held the first Haverford Class Day, and, however many may henceforth be celebrated, we feel sure that none can ever equal this. Having existed for several years as an idea in our minds, it at last took definite shape on this memorable day. It was a very appropriate consummation to all the bold and original ideas which we had introduced while at college, and, like everything else we have taken up, was a perfect success. Moreover, besides being the first Class Day at Haverford, it did not follow the usual program for such occasions, but contained some entirely novel features. Great credit is due to the "tombstone" committee for their unremitting care and labor in making the Tablet, the wonder of all who have seen it. A grateful class takes this opportunity to acknowledge the kind and invaluable assistance of its lady friends in decorating Alumni Hall, until that severe and stately room looked gay enough for a carnival. The exercises went off without a hitch, and the audience was very appreciative. The presentations were unusually good, and the reading of the Class Poem was frequently interrupted by applause. Sharp, to be sure, made the melancholy announcement that he felt like a clam, but this was probably because of the *acclamations* which he had just received.

Commencement passed off as usual, only we think it was a little more interesting than is generally the case. To be sure, we did not have any Wilberforce to address us, but President Sharpless's Baccalaureate, by far the best for many years, *will perforce* make up for that. Sharp's Valedictory was unusually thoughtful and unsentimental. When the degrees were handed to us and the word "Do" pronounced, methought I heard some one mutter "Do-do!" and turning round, lo! it was the "Go-at!"

And so, enveloped in a halo of splendor and success, the Class of '88 passed out of the ranks of students to become Alumni, and left the calm and pleasant life of college to plunge into the busy strife of the world.

FRANCIS COPE HARTSHORNE,
"Class Historian."



PROGRAMME OF CLASS EXERCISES.

Cremation.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18TH, 1886.

PROCESSIO ET CARMEN,	<i>Class.</i>
ACCUSATIO IN LINGUA VERNACULA,	<i>H. S. England.</i>
DEFENSIO IN LINGUA LATINA,	<i>J. P. Nields.</i>
JUDICIUM ET DAMNATIO,	<i>C. W. Dawson.</i>
CIRCUMGRESSUS ET CARMEN,	<i>Class.</i>
ULTIMA VERBA WENTWORTHII,	<i>F. W. Morris, Jr.</i>
EXECUTIO,	<i>J. T. Hilles.</i>
CANTUS LUGUBRIS,	<i>Class.</i>
TRANSCESSIO ET CARMEN,	<i>Class.</i>
CREMATIO,	<i>C. W. Dawson.</i>
RECESSIO ET CANTUS TRIUMPHUS ET DISPERSIO,	<i>Class.</i>

Junior Day Orations.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1887.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS,	<i>M. B. Stubbs.</i>
SOCIAL DISCONTENT,	<i>W. D. Lewis.</i>
A PLEA FOR PEACE,	<i>J. W. Sharp, Jr.</i>
THE PESSIMIST,	<i>H. S. England.</i>
THE CHINESE IN AMERICA,	<i>E. M. Cox.</i>
A BELEAGUERED CITY,	<i>F. W. Morris, Jr.</i>

THURSDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1887.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN STEAM ENGINE,	<i>J. E. Johnson, Jr.</i>
ABOUT THE FEDERAL CONVENTION,	<i>J. P. Nields.</i>

THE MAID OF ORLEANS,	<i>J. T. Hilles.</i>
FIRE AND FROST,	<i>T. J. Orbison.</i>
THE HUNDRED DAYS,	<i>C. H. Battey.</i>
MIRABEAU,	<i>F. C. Hartshorne.</i>
THE ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOL,	<i>M. E. Leeds.</i>

Class Day Exercises.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23D, 1888.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,	<i>F. W. Morris, Jr.</i>
A TOKEN OF OUR ESTEEM,	<i>W. D. Lewis.</i>
"THE CUP WHICH CHEERS BUT DOES NOT INTOXICATE,"	<i>A. W. Slocum.</i>
CLASS POEM,	<i>H. S. England.</i>
"THE LOCAL COLUMN," Illustrated,	<i>J. T. Hilles.</i>
PRESENTATION OF CLASS SPOON,	<i>F. C. Hartshorne.</i>

Collation.

Commencement Orations.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1888.

LATIN SALUTATORY,	<i>E. M. Cox.</i>
THE CAUSE OF POVERTY,	<i>W. D. Lewis.</i>
THE MOST PROBABLE,	<i>H. S. England.</i>
PRACTICAL EDUCATION,	<i>F. W. Morris, Jr.</i>
AGNOSTICISM AND RELIGION,	<i>F. C. Hartshorne.</i>
VALEDICTORY,	<i>J. W. Sharp, Jr.</i>
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,	<i>President Isaac Sharpless.</i>

CLASS ATHLETIC TEAMS.

Foot-Ball.

FRESHMAN.

H. BOWNE,	J. H. JOHNSON,
J. C. CORBIT,	T. J. ORBISON,
J. T. HILLES,	G. S. PATTERSON,
H. C. HOWELL,	J. W. SHARP, JR. (<i>cap.</i>)
M. B. STUBBS,	H. G. VEEDER,
R. C. WRIGHT.	

SOPHOMORE.

C. H. BATTEY,	R. M. JANNEY,
J. C. CORBIT,	W. D. LEWIS,
C. W. DAWSON,	F. W. MORRIS, JR.,
H. S. ENGLAND,	R. J. MORRIS,
J. T. HILLES,	J. W. SHARP, JR. (<i>cap.</i>)
T. J. ORBISON.	

JUNIOR.

C. H. BATTEY,	R. M. JANNEY,
L. P. BEIDELMAN,	W. D. LEWIS,
J. C. CORBIT,	F. W. MORRIS, JR.,
E. M. COX,	T. J. ORBISON,
H. S. ENGLAND,	(J. W. SHARP, JR.,)
J. T. HILLES (<i>cap.</i>),	A. W. SLOCUM.

SENIOR.

C. H. BATTEY,	W. D. LEWIS,
L. P. BEIDELMAN,	F. W. MORRIS, JR.,
J. C. CORBIT,	T. J. ORBISON,
E. M. COX,	(J. W. SHARP, JR.)
H. S. ENGLAND,	A. W. SLOCUM,
J. T. HILLES (<i>cap.</i>),	C. R. WOOD.

Cricket.

FRESHMAN.

R. BINNS,
H. BOWNE,
J. C. CORBIT,
F. C. HARTSHORNE,
J. T. HILLES,
H. C. HOWELL,

J. H. JOHNSON,
T. J. ORBISON,
G. S. PATTERSON (*cap.*),
G. B. ROBERTS,
J. W. SHARP, JR.,
C. R. WOOD.

SOPHOMORE.

H. BOWNE,
J. C. CORBIT,
F. COLLINS, JR.,
J. T. HILLES,
F. W. MORRIS, JR.,
R. J. MORRIS,

W. D. LEWIS,
T. J. ORBISON,
G. S. PATTERSON (*cap.*),
G. B. ROBERTS,
J. W. SHARP, JR.,
C. R. WOOD.

JUNIOR.

L. P. BEIDELMAN,
J. C. CORBIT,
F. COLLINS, JR.,
J. T. HILLES,
M. E. LEEDS,
W. D. LEWIS,

F. W. MORRIS,
R. J. MORRIS,
T. J. ORBISON,
G. B. ROBERTS,
J. W. SHARP, JR. (*cap.*),
C. R. WOOD.

SENIOR.

L. P. BEIDELMAN,
J. C. CORBIT,
J. T. HILLES,
M. E. LEEDS,
W. D. LEWIS,

F. W. MORRIS, JR.,
G. B. ROBERTS,
J. W. SHARP, JR. (*cap.*),
A. W. SLOCUM,
C. R. WOOD,

F. C. HARTSHORNE.

Base Ball.

FRESHMAN.

H. BOWNE, <i>c. f.</i>	G. S. PATTERSON, <i>l. f.</i>
E. BROOKS, JR., <i>p.</i> and <i>s. s.</i>	J. W. SHARP, JR., <i>p.</i> and <i>s. s.</i>
J. T. HILLES, <i>3 b. (cap.)</i>	R. C. WRIGHT, <i>r. f.</i>
H. C. HOWELL, <i>1 b.</i>	R. H. BINNS, <i>sub.</i>
J. H. JOHNSON, <i>2 b.</i>	J. C. CORBIT, <i>sub.</i>
T. J. ORBISON, <i>c.</i>	

SOPHOMORE.

H. BOWNE, <i>c. f.</i>	F. W. MORRIS, JR., <i>c.</i>
F. COLLINS, JR., <i>r. f.</i>	T. J. ORBISON, <i>1 b.</i>
J. T. HILLES, <i>p. (cap.)</i>	G. S. PATTERSON, <i>3 b.</i>
R. M. JANNEY, <i>2 b.</i>	J. W. SHARP, JR., <i>s. s.</i>
R. J. MORRIS, <i>l. f.</i>	

JUNIOR.

C. H. BATTEY, <i>2 b.</i>	F. W. MORRIS, JR., <i>c.</i>
F. COLLINS, JR., <i>l. f.</i>	R. J. MORRIS, <i>3 b.</i>
J. C. CORBIT, JR., <i>c. f.</i>	T. J. ORBISON, <i>r. f.</i>
J. T. HILLES, <i>p. (cap.)</i>	J. W. SHARP, JR., <i>s. s.</i>
A. W. SLOCUM, <i>1 b.</i>	

SENIOR.

C. H. BATTEY, <i>2 b.</i>	F. W. MORRIS, JR., <i>3 b.</i>
L. P. BEIDELMAN, <i>r. f.</i>	R. J. MORRIS, <i>c.</i>
J. C. CORBIT, JR., <i>c. f.</i>	J. W. SHARP, JR., <i>s. s.</i>
J. T. HILLES, <i>p. (cap.)</i>	A. W. SLOCUM, <i>1 b.</i>
C. R. WOOD, <i>l. f.</i>	

CLASS POEM.

BY HOWELL STROUD ENGLAND.

READ AT THE LAST CLASS DINNER AT DEVON INN, JUNE 19TH, AND AT THE
CLASS DAY EXERCISES, JUNE 23D, 1888.

SOME poets sing from heights of inspiration,
And some sing from command, though nothing loth ;
I labor in the happy situation
Of one who sings from both :

For my classmates, with clamor that naught could withstand,
Gave forth the command.

And each muscular, scholarly, virtuous trait,
Her lofty ambitions, self-confidence great ;
Of the noble, her love ; of all baseness, her hate,
And her mighty endeavors to wrestle with fate,
Inspire me to sing of our old EIGHTY-EIGHT.

Now the better to show forth her character's strength,
I shall sketch out her members at moderate length,
But of their strong points scarce recording a tenth.
For if I the whole should essay to relate,
Ere I'd written the half, death had settled my fate.
Considering which, I'll attempt nothing more
Than to give you a glimpse of their lives' inner core ;
Though I well know that old father Adam was more bit,
When Eve ate the apple and he but the Cor-bit.
And, more smoothly to run o'er my course analytical,
For I scarce dare to try any process synthetical,
I shall treat of my heroes in list alphabetical ;
Making one little break
For sweet modesty's sake.

Our first is a man whose bright hopes are but "dim,"
Our musician, our artist, our poet, our "Jim ;"
A man whose sweet zither can soothe your cold heart,
Who conceals 'neath his couch many wonders of art ;
Who, while all his classmates were Sophomores gay,
Was a member austere of the Y. M. C. A.
Yet his dreams, 'mong green trees are by wood spirits graced,
And his soul "cooks with rage" at a "hen of good taste."
But the funniest trait of our dignified "Cholly"
Is his habit of selling, to Yankee girls jolly,
His own life-like photos in pretty frames placed,
Set off as they are by his mild melancholy.

Our second's a delicate subject to touch.
Through the world's wide expanse, not another one such
Could you find as our "ladies' man," "sporting man," "Dutch."
His ambitions are high, but they vary so much,
That if one day the north star he sets for his goal,
The next day he is off for the opposite pole.
What to us is but paint, to his sympathies fine,
Is the pure shining dew, and his betting doth shine,
For ne'er since he began to seek Fortune's fair show,
Have her mandates against him for once ceased to go,
Till he eats his best hat, and gives "creams" on June snow,
But "Dutchy" is touchy on these points, you know.

Our third is a chick of the little Blue Hen,
The serenest, best natured, and kindest of men,
Though teased by his classmates and scolded by "Spotsy,"
Naught ever could ruffle the temper of "Hotsy."
Oh ! who that had seen him could ever forget
The way that he handled a butterfly net ;
Or the speed of his gait, be the roads smooth or hilly.
All others may exercise much as they will,
But off in the shade by himself, sitting still,
And complacently watching them ever is "Billy."
But alas ! his fair fame shall be ruthlessly smitten,
For Shakespeare prophetically, coldly has written,
" His tombstone shall be but the 'maw of a kitten.' "

Our fourth is a man neither scheming nor foxy,
Firm son of the West is our orator "Coxy."
A man who at foot-ball all rivals can slay,
Who of o-ranges eats fifty *mceyon* a day.
And of grapes full as many, though each single one
In his own sunny land will weigh nearly a ton !
He well knows how all calculus problems are done,
And from one tennis ball can gain hours of fun
By making it pound 'gainst the wall of his room.

Our fifth is a man who, I dare to presume,
Will right shortly possess a rich beard in full bloom ;
For already upon his fair face have appeared,
The silky forerunners of flourishing beard.
This student has studied the stars with such care
That he finds out, at two o'clock, sunsets most fair.
He invents rapid transits which run by pressed air,
And so swiftly they go by this magical art,
That their far destinations they reach ere they start !
Ah, a clever inventor indeed is "Gummare."

Our sixth is a Titan as firm as a rock,
A stranger to passion's tempestuous shock,
Alone, self-sufficient, he pushes ahead,
And slides down life's track on his own little sled.
True to Truth, all her portals he Frank-ly defends,
Believing that " destiny shapeth our ends."
He has made a zoölogy nowise too narrow,
In which guinea pig, guinea hen, coarse capybara,
In the same species are with the ostrich and sparrow.
Good in chemistry also our hero you'll find,
For all Aqua-ammonium's that way inclined.

Our seventh has laid out life's great undertaking,
Of " fresh water sea-weeds " his specialty making.
He can beat all the annals of Egypt and Rome
By the wonderful things that will happen " down home."
A small wiffet of tennis balls maketh his diet ;
Yachts upset while the air all around them is quiet,

And each helm is safe guarded, our hero is by it ;
Without cotyledons, potato seeds grow,
In the New Testament, Exodus may be found ;
To your critical ear these may fanciful sound,
But though " steep " to your mind they are Hil—les to " Joe."

Our eighth's Es'y, mild Es'y, the pride of his class,
Who boasts his big brother's great failing, a-lass !
In our plain Quaker State there are few that can be
Of such high social rank as our gay F. F. V.
Yet while we our poor brains with hard facts overload,
Our blue-blooded friend has gone off " up the road."
He delights in a clothes-basket gaily to ride,
And alone in his snug room at peace to abide
While tormentors are shouting, " One, two, three," outside.
It is certain, moreover, that more than world-wide
Must his fame soon become, for he 's taken a stride
In invention, surpassing all others beside,
And his name dark Oblivion never can hide.
For he stands, far above her dark, envious tide,
Lifted high over all,
On a " governor ball."
But our hero's afflicted, ah ! fearful the pity,
With the chronic idea that poor puns are witty.

Our ninth is a man of no theories, but deeds,
Our zoölogist, botanist, 'clept " Monsieur Seeds,"
Who in straggling pilosity all of us Leeds.
He can tell every plant with its habits and needs,
And of all creeping things he can give you a name
That few men could pronounce. Ah, he's worthy of fame !
Besides, free from all earth's temptations and snares,
His Quaker straight collar he faithfully wears,
And with caps and gowns, in a college community,
He has in his heart very small " love and unity."

Our tenth is a man in whose copious mind
Are statistics for everything labor can find,—
Who on public economy volumes has wro-at,

And, on least provocation, will pour from his thro-at
Arguments of such weight they would sink a huge bo-at.
A great man is our "Darling," our "Dodo," our "Go-at."
But, as "in all great minds," it is truthfully said,
"There are some lighter shades with the darker outspread,"
So in "Billy's" career such slight faults may be read
As his pampering "Beauty" and throwing rolled bread,
With occasional touches of "fool in the head."

Our eleventh's a dreamer, and poet sometimes,
Though he cares not for rhythm, nor for meter, nor rhymes;
In his mind are fair visions of beautiful curls,
Of red lips revealing their treasures of pearls,
Of deep eyes full of promise, of waltz's gay whirls;
And anon through his fancy there happily swirls,
A dog-cat, fair driver, the whip's graceful twirls,
For our Freddie much loveth the dear *little* girls;
For, for him girls have lost all attractions divine,
If in years they've advanced but a half beyond nine.
But alas! how oft Nature is crossed in her plan,
For our mild, dreaming bard's a mechanical man.

Our twelfth is a sporting man, easy and free,
One who, if he chose, could have led us all, "B."
It is said, his proud laurels are changed to the willow,
If after a "lark," ere he touches his pillow,
He is not refreshed with "a sarsaparilla."
He is bold as a lion at poker and cues,
And prompt in the payment of various dues,
But if, while all is gay, the bright lamp takes a start,
Such terror is instantly felt in his heart,
That headlong right out of the window he'll dart.
I must further avouch, though it may be small use,
That, like all other bees, he was once quite *απούς*.

Our thirteenth is our strong man, whose strength is so great,
That should Sullivan dare to come into our State,
Soon the "great slugger's" name would be prefixed, "the late."
Our good strong man has made an alliance with fate,

By which he can see the far future so well
That our lives every step he can clearly foretell,
And that man must be Sharp who can 'scape from the spell.
Of athletics he masters an endless variety,
But, alas for the strength that knows naught of propriety,
He, the pugilist plays in the Ev'rett Society.
So strong, too, in all astronomical ways,
Is our hero, that, be it e'er said to his praise,
He discovers eclipses which last for three days!

Our fourteenth is a man who all records has broke,
In shooting opossums, professors and such,
Who stopped with his rifle the bragging of "Dutch,"
And invented, by intellect's masterly stroke,
A glass rod which filters all liquids with ease.
But why should I speak of such trifles as these?
For the sternest of facts is the veriest joke
When compared with the dusky, half-circle pubescent
Which borders our hero's shy "phiz" like a crescent.
Though they cum Slo, he solveth all problems like smoke,
For abstruse mathematics is sport for our "Sloke."

Our fifteenth can all anarchists bravely surpass
In inventing explosives which hurl broken glass
With such force that his face for five weeks is a mass
Of plasters and poultices; for the strange elf
Prefers much the more to abolish himself
Than to murder another. Oh, what could we do,
For the naming of metals, the known and the new,
If "Tubbs in his *"poke-its"* had not a full set
Of such rare kinds as only that student could get
Who the passage way knew to T. Newlin's cab'net?
In geology also he masters with ease
All the ponderous names of the Stubbs of stone trees.

And now last, and the least, of this talented crowd,
With a wonderful love for discussion endowed,
And for making these rhymes which you've kindly allowed,
Is your servant, the author, the meek Howell Stroud.

These illustrious men form our class as it stands
On old Haverford's heights ere for aye it disbands ;
But there have been others once strong in our ranks,
Whose impression is left on our lives beyond doubt,
To whom we owe mighty and numerous thanks,
Some for what they have done, some for having dropped out.

There were " Mary " and " Howells " and Johnson and Brooks,
" Bags " and " Rosey," and " Tommy," our man of coercion,
And " Persey " who loved much professors and books,
And " Tacky " who favored us soon by desertion.
" Ich Bin " and " Du Bist " were a generous pair ;
Great " Chawles " was a genius gentle and rare,
A champion cricketer, every one owns,
Was our " G," and a champion gambler was " Bones." "
Good " Fweddle," who treasured up stories uncanny,
Delighted us all with his Flossie and Fannie.
A man of much leisure we lost in Dick Janney.
And at last one has left us who could not be hid,
Who ever was foremost whatever he did,
" Spotsy's " pet and our torment—ubiquitous " Kid."

But one we have lost,—let us speak it with awe,—
Who fearless the face of the Death Angel saw ;
A youth, who by intellect's masterly scope
Stood erect in the light, where most men could but grope,
In math'matics and classics our pride and our hope,
Whose equal our college ne'er knew, E. M. POPE.

The magic photographer takes on his plate
The portraits of men, both the small and the great,—
Portraits beaming with kindness or scowling with hate,
In despondency sunk or with pleasure elate ;
And brings from this throng of far different faces,
A composite visage whose features show traces
Of all that compose it ; and yet 't is a whole
In whose eyes beams the light of a new human soul.
And thus, from these students, whose different aims
Are as different quite as the sounds of their names,

Was composed EIGHTY-EIGHT, whose fair features recall
Some resemblance to each, in the blending of all.
But it is not for me of the glories to sing
Of our old EIGHTY-EIGHT, for her praises shall ring
As long as foot-ball at our college remains,
As long as that college our tablet retains,
As long as that tablet the multitudes tells
Of the gratitude which from our bosoms upwells,
As long as the students a paper can run,
As long as Athletic Grounds bask in the sun,
As long as old Haverford keeps to the gay,
Merry custom of having a jolly Class Day,
As long as the student in happiness delves
In our Hist'ry, complete on the library shelves.

And now, on the verge of experience new,
As we pause for a moment our course to review,
And see the success of the things we have done,
The goals we have gained and the victories won,
And that through our course, since our faith was first plighted,
We have stood up together so firm and united,
That never dissension, nor personal action,
Has come on the scene to mar union by faction,
That never majority minority slighted,
Nor jealousies foul our fraternity blighted.
We are apt to conclude that there ne'er was so great
And so mighty a class as our old EIGHTY-EIGHT.

It is said that of old when from over the foam
The victor returned with his captives to Rome,
And proud in his triumph the trophies displayed
Which his soldiers had won with their conquering blade ;
Then, aloft in his chariot, richly arrayed,
And crownèd with laurels and drunk with the sound
Of the shouts of applause which swelled wave upon wave,
The general sat as a god seeming brave ;
But beside him there crawled a poor, manacled slave,
Repeating forever in dolorous round,
“ Remember, remember, thou art but a man ! ”

And thus I would say, " Though your hopes are so high,
Though, my classmates, you know you must lead in Fame's van,
Life's stern drama will only be acted again,
With you for the actors: ah, constantly then
Remember, remember, that you are but men.
Hope high and strive ever, but count it not loss
If your gold is but tinsel, your diamonds dross,
For he is still rich, though by Fortune forsaken,
Whose fortress of Hope by Despair is unshaken ;
And he who strives ever, though fruitless his strife,
Has tasted the deepest of pleasures in life.

I will give you a picture of quiet success,
Such a life as perchance we may all of us fill ;
Some may rise far above it, some sink far below,
Yet live as we may, in the ultimate end
Will all things be the same ; for Oblivion's wave
Will wash from Time's shores every mark we have made,
While the sweet course of nature unfeeling goes on.
For what is our life but the flight of a spark,
Flashing from the dark, to the dark, into the dark.

I.

Deep in the inner darkness,
Mystery great, profound,
Formeth a tiny being,
Tracing life's marv'lous round.
Delicate limbs and features
Unfold in the kindly womb ;—
And without the sun shines brightly,
And fragrant flowerets bloom.

II.

Out in a world of splendor,
Light with a mother's love,
Cometh the tiny being,
Pure as the realms above.

And baby crowings and cooings
Are filling the natal room ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.

III.

A sturdy boy with his fellows
Is shouting in wildest play,
He wades in the sparkling streamlet,
And sports 'mid the new-mown hay.
But questions he asks whose answers
Forever are hid in gloom ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.

IV.

A lad with his high ambitions
Is dreaming of deathless fame ;
He will rise to the heights of glory
Till millions shall hail his name ;
And the fair, shy maidens please him,
Their beauties his dreams illumine ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.

V.

Unwept are the dreams forsaken
For the low, worn paths of life,
The fairest of all the maidens
He claims for his loving wife ;
And their modest and vine-clad cottage
Is fragrant with love's perfume ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.

VI.

The years flow by unheeded,
But his hair they have tinged with gray ;

And his faithful wife is careworn,
Though careless the children play;
But the old first love burns ever,
No trials its strength consume ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.

VII.

The children are grown and scattered ;
Alone, by the empty nest,
The father clings, for the mother
Has gone to her long, long rest ;
And the old man, weak and lonely,
Impatiently waits his doom ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.

VIII.

A mound, new-made in the church-yard,
Some tears that must dry away,
And a man with his joys and sorrows
Has fled from the earth for aye ;
And all that his life accomplished
Is swallowed up in the tomb ;—
And still the sun shines brightly,
And still the flowerets bloom.



PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '88.

THE great longing which we all have to look into the future, to know what lies in store for us, and to read correctly the writings of the finger of Destiny, has probably been tormenting the race through all time. The very fact that the future lies beyond his grasp seems to make man the more desirous to be familiar with it. He wrongly thinks himself master of the Past; the Present is surely his own; but the Future, now almost within his reach, and now flitting on beyond his furthest vision, constantly baffles and defies his efforts.

In my capacity as Class Prophet, it was my task not only to read my own future, but the future of you all. It was not until I began to battle with the impenetrable mist that enveloped our destinies, that I rightly understood this unapproachable character of the Future. I soon realized that my task was by no means an easy one, and that just as the efforts of men had been baffled in the past, so also would it be with me. But not yet acknowledging myself impotent, I determined to penetrate those regions of mist by sheer force of vision. But gazing at their forbidding darkness with the eyes of an eagle and with all the perverseness of my human nature was of no avail. Still that thick veil resisted, still were your destinies shrouded and unknown. At last, in despair, I bethought myself of the ancient sibyl of the Cumæan shore. Straightway, down upon my knees I poured my prayers to the divine priestess: "O Virgin! let not the thick walls of thy cavern in the Eubœan rock shut out the humble entreaties of a mortal sadly in need of thy divine aid! Even as thou didst harken unto Æneas and grant him his

requests, so, also, graciously incline thine ear and help me in my difficulty ! ”

Scarcely had I spoken when, borne on by a mighty wind, a figure stood before me, still upon my knees.

The wind ceased, and the figure thus began, “ Rise from thy knees, oh, youth, and behold the dread Priestess of Apollo ! Thou hast done well to ask the future at my hands, else the things which thou desirest had remained forever hid, for I hold the destinies of all within my keeping, and none shall know their future without suing, even as thou hast done, before the sacred portals of my temple. Thou wouldst have unfolded the future of the Class ? Follow me and thou shalt see them, one and all.”

The majesty of her presence, the unearthly ring of her voice, in short, her whole bearing, left little doubt in my mind that this was the genuine article—the real sibyl of oracular fame—and that at last my task was to be accomplished.

Joyfully I followed my guide through fields and regions unknown to me, till at last we stood before a mountain side, raising itself from our feet and extending up until it seemed to penetrate into the region of the stars now twinkling from their heights. Taking me by the hand, the sibyl led me into the jaws of a dark and gloomy cave. A feeling of fear came over me, and gently pressing the hand of my guide, I reminded her of the words she had used on a former occasion—“ Easy the way down to Avernus, night and day the gates of Dis stand open. But to retrace your steps and reach the upper air, there lies the task, the difficulty there.”

With an answering reassuring pressure, she informed me that this was not the descent to Avernus, but to “ The Store-house of Future Events.” Even as she spake, we entered a vast region of light and beauty, and there, stretching out before my astonished eyes, lay the vast panorama of our country.

Seating herself upon a mossy rock, and motioning me to seat at her side, the ancient sibyl thus began, "Thou art the first mortal to have entered this sacred place. True it is that Æneas and Dante did enter the nether regions and conversed with the spirits of the dead, but never before has man witnessed with his own eyes the things of the future. But think not that thou shalt see the things which do not concern thee; thou didst petition to know the futures of thy classmates; these thou shalt see, but all things else shall be withheld. Bear in mind that the events and faces which thou shalt see and recognize are but spirit—mere shadows—but they are the shadows of future realities."

Thus having delivered herself, the prophetess turned, and called my attention to a group of immense buildings. Chimneys of all kinds vomited forth in promiscuous confusion clouds of black smoke, ever and anon illumined by sheets of angry flames, polluting the virgin purity of the atmosphere, and casting dust and cinders broad-cast into the surrounding country.

Within and without the buildings all was noise and bustle (notwithstanding the absence of female operatives); but I soon discovered that all was ordered and directed in the best possible manner, and that the noise and confusion were the necessary accompaniments of an iron foundry; for this was the plant of the Pottstown Iron and Steel Co. Now all was explained.

The "Rosy" heat that pervaded the whole place and issued from the hundred smoke-stacks was no longer a mystery, for its source was revealed.

And so that tall, dark man, sitting in his office chair, gazing pensively before him, is our Dick, handsome Dick; he that was the pride of the Class and the joy of every feminine heart! Well, I would have known him! With the same erect and haughty figure; the same deep and rich complexion; the same shadow upon his upper lip, fringing those ruby portals of silent eloquence and passion, who *could* have mistaken him?

But see, his mood of happy pensiveness is suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the telephone hanging upon the wall; surely it can do no harm to listen to the conversation. The first words, "Hello there, Fred, is that you?" arouse our curiosity. From our elevated position we can see the wire issuing from the Pottstown office and stretching from pole to pole along the banks of the "Hidden River" until it enters a large and populous city. Suddenly, as our eyes follow its course, it drops from its height and enters the walls of "Morris, Wheeler & Co." Yes, there at the phone, arrayed in vestments "quite English," and with the same old air of "life-is-a-bore, but-nevertheless-I-enjoy-it," stands Fred, our darling Fred! He is now a member of that old and trusted firm. Time has flown over him, but scarcely a vestige of his shadow has been left behind. An Anglo-Saxon beard luxuriates on the Teutonic benignity of his features, and a slight corpulence has made it necessary for Mr. E. O. Thompson to change some figures in his book of measurements. These are the only noticeable effects made by the attacks of unrelenting Chronos.

It is not necessary for me to repeat the conversation that ensued. You can all imagine the terms of affection and the sounds of joyful laughter that reached our ears.

How eminently fitting it was that these cousins, so dear to one another, while separated from one another by a distance of forty miles, were yet closely connected by this iron wire of communication, typifying not only their common interest, but also their mutual affection.

The sibyl now called my attention to a series of low buildings covering an immense area on North Broad Street. After a careful scrutiny I recognized in them the Baldwin Locomotive Works; but what a change! Those old smoke-begrimed walls, now so repulsive to the eye, were sparkling and glistening as if studded with jewels and precious stones. The whole front was artistically decorated with models of engines, boilers and gov-

ernor balls, painted in the most glowing colors. And just above, running the whole length of the building, in immense letters, was the name of the firm, "The Jos. Esrey Johnson Steam Engine Co." And just above *this*, directly over the central doorway, were the three letters, "F. F. V.," the trade-mark of the company.

The tale is told. It only remains for me to explain how an *idea* had suddenly sprung from his inventive mind, as it were a second "Minerva from the brain of Jove," ready armed to take the world by storm, and to revolutionize modern locomotion; and how the fortune gained by this invention had enabled our "Virginian" to buy out his former employers, and to place himself at the head of the largest machine shops in the world. Surely that "Junior Oration" was the prototype of his brilliant career.

My guide informed me that this company had recently established a branch in Little Rock, Arkansas, and that its flourishing condition was due to the keen oversight and thorough practical knowledge of L. Perpendicular Beidelman, formerly associated with the firm on Broad Street.

She further told me that the delight of this gentleman knew no bounds, when, after much difficulty, he had succeeded in convincing the company that the situation of Little Rock was superior to any other city in the United States for the purpose of establishing a branch shop.

If the truth must be told, this scheming personage was desirous to be again surrounded by his numerous "lady-friends" of the "Far West."

To be sure this scheme removed from him the possibility of occasionally feasting his eyes upon Miss Ellen Terry and Marian Manola, but then, you know, they were beginning to show the effects of age, and with their youth and beauty vanished also his love and admiration.

I was eager to hear more concerning our "Little Dutchman," but the sibyl turned the subject, and asked me if I had noticed those broad lines running across the whole country at equal intervals, both north and south and east and west. "For," she said, "they are the great trunk lines laid out by the Government in order to facilitate communication, and to develop impartially the resources of the land. This great change in railroad management has been brought about by the efforts of one of your classmates. Having had a thorough knowledge and insight into the mysteries of railroading from his youth up, he came to the conclusion that it would be best for the people at large to have the railroads in the hands of the Government.

Having once conceived this idea, Francis C. Hartshorne left no stone unturned until he had accomplished it. He let loose the flood-gates of his eloquence at mass meetings all over the country; his able arguments filled the columns of newspapers and journals, and he has long since gained the merited title of "The First Journalist and the Greatest Reformer of the Age."

The prophetess went on to inform me that at the head of this great united system of railways was a person of great shrewdness and ability, who had been called to this high position by the voice of the people. He had previously been the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his name was G. Brinton Roberts.

Here, indeed, was subject for contemplation. Our "B!" our fast "Society Man!" Was it possible that he had put the frivolities of the world behind him, and was occupying this position, requiring every moment of his time and the most diligent application? Yes, his *good sense* had won the day, and his brilliant intellect had elicited the respect and admiration of the land.

The sibyl now arose, and having followed her down the declivity, we meandered together over the surface of the pano-

rama we had been contemplating. Soon we entered a city, and the objects which presented themselves seemed to have an air of familiarity about them which I could not explain until my guide informed me that this was the far-famed Wilmington. Surely that low, dingy saloon on the corner was the place of that wonderful election where the Democrats polled ten thousand more votes than there were voters in the whole State of Delaware. And those mills! Are they not DuPont's, where the workmen, at a certain stage in the manufacture of powder, have to hold their breath for five minutes at a time, for fear of being blown to atoms? Yes, there can be no doubt about it; this is "down home." And this palatial building! What is this before which the sibyl stops? On the gate posts through which we enter is written, "Domus Bachelorum." Truly a veritable Bachelor's Hall, and reclining in luxuriant ease beneath an umbrageous linden are the three bachelors, lonely and forlorn. They are all richly endowed with this world's goods and laden with the honors and plaudits of the world, but there is in their lives a great void—something is lacking to make them truly happy.

Hilles! Hilles! has that foolish vow of thy youth kept thee from the comforts of home-life and the joys of the family circle?

Howell! Howell! What principle of philosophy, what process of reasoning has led thee to renounce woman and her charms?

Billy! Billy! The "Pride of Odessa!" What stroke of adverse fate has driven thee an inmate of the "Domus Bachelorum?"

Silently smoking, they sat there, each intent upon his own secret thoughts, until the Philosopher suddenly awakened them from their reverie. Even the little dog stopped chewing the tennis balls and sat intently listening. "Boys, we have made a

mistake. We have sought for true happiness, and we have not found it. A foolish vow, a false philosophy, a puny stroke of fate, has turned us unresisting from the true path. It is not too late to turn; we have been in the wrong and we should acknowledge it. Let us take unto ourselves wives who will be the joy of our lives."

And so we left them, a happy circle, strengthened with their new resolve. And the joyous barking of the "little dog" sounded fainter and fainter as the sibyl led me to other regions.

She led me to virtuous Rhode Isle. Great was my surprise to learn that Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists and Mugwumps no longer fought and squabbled among themselves for supremacy. Corruption at the polls was unknown. Here indeed was an ideal State; its people imbued with a self-sacrificing spirit which prompted them to do all things, not for their own good, but for the good of the State.

I inquired the cause of this wonderful change, and the priestess informed me that the people had been brought to see the error of their ways by the powerful poem of a then unknown writer, but who was now known as the great realistic artist of New England.

At my request to see this celebrity, we entered unobserved a beautiful studio, and there, seated before his easel, striking wondrous chords on his bewitching zither, sat "Charley," studying the effect of his latest picture.

It was, indeed, a realistic picture. On the top of an old moss-covered post sat a lonely English sparrow. In the background was a small boy with a gun. The expression of fear, of supplication, of absolute helplessness, which that small bird portrayed told at once the persecution that he was being subjected to.

Ah! Charles, thou art indeed a reformer, not only with thy pen, but with thy brush! May that pathetic picture be the

means of protecting not only the "English sparrow that flieth by day, but the owl that flieth by night."

We stole noiselessly away from this charming retreat, leaving "Our Artist" undisturbed in his happy reverie, and I now followed my guide to the summit of a high mountain, from whence we could see the towers of a great building glistening in the sunlight.

"That building," said the sibyl, "is the Stanford University, built upon the sunny slopes of California. A nobler institution with a better faculty exists nowhere in the world."

She went on to tell me that an astronomer, the greatest of the age, nightly swept the heavens with his forty-inch glass. Nothing occurring in the infinite regions of space escapes his vigilant eye. Not a meteor illumines the sky, not a movement of the celestial bodies, but is carefully noted by this worthy successor of Copernicus and Galileo. He has discovered and satisfactorily proved, to his own mind, at least, that Mars is inhabited by a noble race of men, and although the minds of the community to this belief *come slow*, Slocum has not the slightest hesitancy in declaring his convictions in the face of the whole world.

A mathematician, unrivaled for quickness and accuracy in his computations, commands the universal awe of both students and community.

This head is a veritable table of logarithms, and not only has he perfect command of the ordinary *functions* of the *intellect*, but also of the *functions* of *Angles*. Analytics and high calculus are child's play to him, and the most obscure astronomical problems are lighted up and solved in the twinkling of an eye.

The most difficult and most satisfactory calculation ever made by the professor was in a problem which concerned his own personal appearance. The data from which he made his deductions were gathered in the year 1888 from actual experiment

upon his person. This was the problem : " If my beard after eighteen years' growth consists of seven hairs to the square inch, averaging one-eighth of an inch in length, how long will it take for it to become equal to that of the ' bearded woman ' ? "

And so after twenty years our classmate is not only known as Mathematician Gummere, but also as the " Man with the Beard."

The study of the Classics has by no means sunk into oblivion in this generous institution, for its management recognize the many benefits to be obtained from the careful perusal of ancient thought as displayed in the old writers, and have procured a most valuable man to occupy this Chair. A man who, as Salutatorian of his class, electrified his audience by his wonderful command of Latin, and by the grandeur of his delivery.

It has been owing to his efforts that the interest in the Classics has been, to a great extent, revived ; and it is rumored that he is about to publish a collection of the Odes of Horace set to the most popular hymn tunes of the day. Even now, methinks, I hear those sweet melodies reverberating down the Hall, and see him perched there upon the " heater " with the same old air of contentment, never dreaming that instead of soothing the savage breast of the " Virginia Bright " across the way, he is inciting him to naughty words and deeds of violence.

Some little distance from the main buildings of the University, was situated an unique and curious structure, which, entirely encased in iron, gave one the impression of perfect permanence.

Foul odors issued from its numerous chimneys, and strange and muffled noises occasionally penetrated through the riveted crevices to the outer air. This was the chemical laboratory of the institution, designed and presided over by the renowned chemist, Martin Tubbs. He had met with certain trifling accidents in the early days of his career, and although the injuries to his person

had been no more serious than the loss of an eye, six front teeth, and his left arm below the elbow, yet the destruction of his last laboratory, while experimenting on an explosive, had led him to erect this indestructible building. Here, after his lecture hours, he would monkey to his heart's content, and within that dark and foreboding pile, science was making rapid strides,—strides which were leading men out of ignorance and conflict, and showing them that beneficent law ruled the world over.

As we now slowly descended the mountain side, the sibyl astounded me by saying that sickness and poverty were fast becoming unknown in this favored land, but that health, wealth and wisdom were rapidly gaining the upper hand. Sickness and contagion had now an enemy to contend with,—an enemy powerful and wise. To be sure, he was a man, but what a man! A man who, by years of study and care, had at last mastered the peculiarities of the human organism, familiarized himself with the germs of disease, and was now ameliorating pain and suffering throughout the land. And to think that he had gained all this knowledge from dissecting the body of an opossum! How wonderful that he should have found in that carcass secrets which would unfold themselves into this profundity of knowledge. Ah! Dr. Leeds, thou didst little know the great end in store for thee when thou didst “carve dat 'possum.”

And hand in hand with sickness, poverty was leaving the land. What had brought about this wonderful change? Had unknown treasures been discovered; or had the surplus been distributed broadcast throughout the land? No, neither of these! For the earth still held in her greedy clutch her hidden treasures, and the wealth in the government's chests had long since been expended in paying the national debt. How, then, had men become satisfied with their condition? How had the labor problems been solved, and dishonest unequal accumulation of wealth—how had this been guarded against?

In every period of the world's history, there arise questions seemingly insurmountable, but these very questions seem to be in their nature creative. For out of the very midst of the darkest difficulties there springs, full-fledged and powerful, a creature whose end it is to dissipate the darkness and to solve the difficulty lying in the path of progress.

Ah! my classmates, we did little know that we had within our fold one whose mission it was to root out poverty from society, and to plant in the place of a decaying system, a scheme of government equable, grand and sublime!

Full of anxiety, we have watched him burning his midnight oil; with breasts swelling with pride, we have listened to his stirring eloquence; but our appreciation of his greatness has been of too low an order, for all these things has the Priestess of Apollo revealed to me. And with incredible speed will the wheels of Progress go crashing over the rails of Time, with the hand of William Draper Lewis at the throttle.

Yes, you may all smile in your own skeptical way at the revelations of the sibyl, but, nevertheless, I believe you all feel the force of conviction asserting her rights.

Incredible as it may seem to you, we have now in our midst a youth who is destined to develop into one of those most singular of beings—a novelist. And yet, you should not be surprised, for has there not always been a peculiar charm, a fresh originality, and a delicious novelty about that youthful character who dropped in upon us in our Freshman year, with his tiny limbs clothed to the knee in pretty knickerbockers, electrifying, not only ourselves, but the whole community, by the brilliancy of his intellect, the beauty of his features, and the delicacy of his complexion.

And so our "Juvenile" is to become a great novelist! There can be no doubt about it, for the sibyl has spoken it, and her word is truth. She has shown me and I have seen with my

own eyes many a volume bearing his name, ornamenting the stands of the Union News Company. I remember distinctly some of the titles printed in glaring letters across the paper covers: "Mr. Johnson, of Virginia," "The Annals of the Kid," "How to Enter College at a Youthful Age," "An Afternoon's Ride," "Two's Company, Three's a Crowd," and many others, which, I am sure, we will all read with the keenest interest.

But to turn again to my wanderings with the priestess through those wonderful fields of futurity. We were about to leave behind us that beautiful panorama which had burst upon my astonished gaze but a few hours before, and were, even now, at the very threshold of this world of ideas and shadows. Just beyond was the active, throbbing reality of the Present. I was pressing on, eager once more to be surrounded by familiar faces and forms, when the priestess suddenly stopped my impetuous haste. "Rash mortal," she cried, "hast thou no further desire? Dost thou not think the Future has in her store things which concern thyself? Hast thou no ambition set before thee, which, perchance, has taken form within this secret realm?"

Confused I cast my eyes to the ground, and sadly answered, "Yes, I have had ambitions, noble in their aims, but in their nature undefined. I would soar to the realms of poetry, but prosaic is my tongue; I would sing with the voice of an angel, but I cannot turn a tune; I would move the world with eloquence, but the fount of words is dry; I would play the game of cricket, but the stumps will not stand high; and if I could but raise my eyes and read my future there, I would forever walk as a beast with face turned toward the ground. For had my ambition taken form, a huge monster would it be, half of mist and half of dreams, and nothing left of *me*. I am content to live and wait and hope for better things, not only in this world of fate, but in that which the future brings." To which the virgin replied, "Strange and unnatural is thy resolve to me,

but be assured the Future will evolve for thee, out of her deep and silent mysteries, no fate which will not be consistent with the Class of '88.

Then I thanked my ancient guide, and she led me up a steep and winding path, out into the glorious light of day. For the stars which twinkled when we entered had now withdrawn their flickering, dim, uncertain lights before the conquering four-horse chariot of the sun. And we hastened back over the fields that we had trod, back to old Haverford, and there the sibyl, with her hand upon my bended head, spoke her parting words, "Farewell, oh, youth of strange desires, farewell! and to thy class their destinies unfold. Tell them that they owe whatever of name, whatever of fame, whatever of power awaits them in their future years, not to their own endeavors alone, nor yet to the blind workings of fate, but to the character moulded and the instruction afforded while nursed in the arms of their loving *Alma Mater!*"

JOSEPH W. SHARP, JR.,
"Prophet."



CLASS SONGS.

I.

AUTHOR, H. S. ENGLAND.

(TUNE: NOT SCIENTIFICALLY DETERMINED.)

WE have nobly stood together since that well-remembered time,
When with confidence unshaken, and with impudence sublime,
We were gathered all at random, from out every zone and clime,
To form old Eighty-Eight.

CHORUS:—Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
To form old Eighty-Eight.

We have led old Tommy Newlin fruitless chases in the dark,
We've been interviewed by Isaac just for going on a lark,
And have taken from old Spottsy, too, a "zero for our mark,"
In good old Eighty-Eight.

Chorus.

We've enjoyed religious meetings, reading novels all by stealth,
With the shining, plastic paste-boards we have often risked our wealth,
And within the little Tavern Blue we've pledged each other's health,
And that of Eighty-Eight.

Chorus.

Though our enemies assail us, we will never yield a bit,
And a foe to make us separate has never yet been fit,
For we stand a band of brothers, that has never known a split,
In good old Eighty-Eight.

Chorus.

And when college days are over, and we're scattered far and wide,
Striving hard against life's current, or but drifting with the tide,
Until death our course has ended, shall our truest love abide,
For good old Eighty-Eight.

Chorus.

II.

AUTHOR, C. H. BATTEY.

(TUNE: UNATTAINABLE.)

FULL bright the hours we've spent within
The shades of Haverford,
And now before life's cares begin,
We sing with one accord.

CHORUS.

Knowing not the days that are beckoning from
Our futures, with dim hopes strown,
Knowing not the troubles about to come,
The pleasures to be our own.
Days are going by, days are going by,
Our time is nearly flown,
Days are going by, days are going by,
Our time is nearly flown.

We look about us as we go,
And see what we have done ;
Our glances sad and sober grow,
We thank for what we've won.

Chorus.

We turn to join the growing throng
That holds our college dear ;
We separate, though firm and strong,
Old mem'ries keep us near.

Chorus.

Then hail to our united class ;
Perhaps some kindly trait,
Which ne'er may from our college pass,
Belonged to Eighty-Eight.

Chorus.

III.

AUTHOR, H. S. ENGLAND.

(TUNE: UNFORTUNEATE.)

A JOLLY band of Freshmen,
To Haverford we came;
We gaily took our tossing,
And half enjoyed the game ;
We teased poor Tommy Newlin,
We flunked with promptness great :
Haec mem'nisse juvabit,
We sang with hearts elate.

As Sophomores we sported
Our canes with air serene ;
The Freshmen taught we kindly,
They seemed so deuced green ;
We won our spurs at cricket,
Old Wentworth burned in style ;
Haec mem'nisse juvabit,
We shouted all the while.

Another year, and sagely
We burned the midnight oil,
And with a double Junior
We crownéd all our toil ;
And as, from labor resting,
Within the " Bum's Retreat,"
Haec mem'nisse juvabit,
The breezes whispered sweet.

At length, as royal Seniors,
We donned the purple cord,
And welcomed many changes
For good old Haverford.
And as toward each advancement
We boldly lead the way,
Haec mem'nisse juvabit,
Our hearts united say.

And in the distant future,
When by some kindly fate
Again we meet together,
Once men of Eighty-Eight ;
We'll talk the old times over,
Seem jolly classmates still,
Haec mem'nisse juvabit,
Our aged hearts shall thrill.



LATIN SALUTATORY.

EXUM MORRIS COX.

QUATTUOR annis jucundae vitae inter haec amoenaperfugia exactis, hora advenit, cum ab Alma Matre nostra abire necesse est. Paulisper, desideranter, amanter in limine moramur; cras in fraternitatem hinc profectorum eorum numerabimur.

Hodiurno die, cujus semper unus quisque nostrum veminiscetur, te, O praeses nobilissime, salutamus. Vero putamus nos fortunatos esse qui tua curatione fructi simus. Vos salutamus, O curatores munifici, qui nobis facultates maximas ad res gerendas obtulistis. Nos non omnino quidem merentes, grate tamen tua munera accipimus. O praeceptores, vos etiam salutamus, qui duces excellentissimi rectoresque fuistis. Nunquam satis vos pro bonis quae a vobis accepimus, laudare poterimus. Honorem, laudationem, quidquid vobis debeatur, illud donare volumus.

Amici veri et multi, salutationem hoc discriminis magni die, cum jam noscere, quid cognosci possit, quidque fieri oporteat, incipimus, ad vos dicimus. Ad nos ituros in cursum novum, nostra patria vocat. Illa quidem clare vocat. Ad quos tandem? Ad juvenes virtutis magnæ, ingenii alti, spei bonæ, animorum fortissimorum ut in desiderio periculoque onera sustineant, atque officiis fungantur.

Nostra patria semper in omnibus delictis erroribusque corrigendis maxime gradum conspicuum possedit, et nobis attendendum est, ut famam praeteritam non amittat. Periculorum

nunc in civitate existentium dignorumque nostra studio, maleficia ex ebrietate orta magna—nonnedicam—maxima sunt.

Conditio rerum magnopere per proximum saeculum mutata est. In America, ita Romæ, Horatio vivo,

“Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit neque,
Mordacis aliter diffungiunt sollicitudines.”

aut

“Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.”

Multi id temporis aliquantum sibi indulserunt atque non noceri visi sunt, sed nunc id non potest.

Mors, non valetudo in poculo invenitur. In vino, non veritas sed fallacia est. Sine controversia, factum deterius flagitia miseriasque repidissime diffundit.

Ii, qui rationem ad se, suosque propinquos, suamque patriam, et suos cives in universum tenent, utile esse putaverunt hoc celeriter augens monstrum aut coercere aut delere conari. Hoc valentius quam quisquam conspiratio venditorum factum est et aliquando etiam regentibus in publica factionibus moderatur. Illi in hac occupatione dicunt, si suas occupationes extinxeritis, vos nostram formam civitates, quam omnibus civibus hujus praeclaræ patriæ absolutam libertatem et cogitationis et actiones det, rupturos esse; sed huic argumento respondeo, nostram formam civitatis non dicere, paucos nostrorum civium incommodo omnium ceterorum libertatem habere posse; non dicere vel a furibus vel ab interfectoribus vel ab iis qui talibus hominibus auxiliuntur, libertatem posse haberi ut vitam bonaque omnium civium bonorum in periculo ponant. Tandem vero est imperium nisi pro multis, non paucis? Nostrum est patriam avertere ab eo quod ab omnibus multum maleficium facere conceditur. Certe jus est nobis

quicquid, minitans libertati, omnium, abrogare, quicquid et corpora atque animas millia propinquorum et amicorum perdeus, atque eos ad iteritum sempiternum demissurum.

Quae cum ita sint, quomodo cum hoc malo magno certandum est? Quidem etiam atque etiam quaestio nunc animos multorum civium optimorum occupat. Ii etiam qui ultimam ejectionem ex patria volunt, inter se de optimo modo quo procedant, non consentiunt. Multi vere ex animo arbitrantur, legem prohibentem ejus venditionem, urgere fieri non posse. Dicunt, tale lege constituta, ventitores omnino negligentes fore, et nos pejore in fortuna quam olim futuros esse. Nonne ejusmodi dictum indignationem cujusque boni civis excitare potest?

Cari condiscipuli, saluto vos, hoc novissimo die—fortasse postremo. Haec pugna non in remotis regionibus non in occidente, non in oriente ultima, sed hic, hic, in medio debellabatur. Stridor lituum clangorque turbarum nos vocant. Attendite! Attendite! Orbis eget vos, me eget. Roma fuit, America est. Urbs septem collium gloriosissima sedens in altitudine, inimicis omnibus victis, ebria voluptate concidit. Nostra patria pergebat in vestigiis ejus sed novior spiritus, credamus—novior spiritus jam excitatur.

Liceat mihi nos appellare in recto cursu impulsustrarum vitarum conicere, proinde omnia ejusmodi mala prosternentes et nobis ipsis patriaeque beneficium coeli confirmantes.

EXUM MORRIS COX,

Salutatorian.

VALEDICTORY.

STANDING on the very threshold of a new era in our lives, equipped, in some measure, at least, for the experiences and trials of years to come, it seems fitting that before crossing that threshold, we should take one backward glance over the last four years; to call up before us those pleasures, those joys, and—yes—those sorrows, which have played such an active part in directing our thoughts and in molding our character.

For four years we have been as clay in the potter's hands; for four years we have been surrounded by influences, in their nature educational, elevating and ennobling; and in this time what have we taken unto ourselves that will be of benefit to us in the future?

Of what benefit those hours spent musing over the Infinite, and things beyond our understanding, vainly groping about in the darkness of doubt and indecision in order to solve the mystery of our being?

We came here, many of us, never having bestowed a thought upon the great problems of life. It was enough for us that we lived, surrounded by a bright atmosphere of love, and scenes of beauty. What did we care about the wrongs, the bloody wars of past years, and the sufferings of down-trodden humanity? But history—that great instructor of mankind—has, with cruel harshness, forced her sad truths upon us. Would that there had been no past; no history to hold out her scroll of sad events, to remind us of the crimes, the wickedness of our race!

We would fly away in horror, fly to better deeds, and soar

to realms untainted by the acts of man; but there stands history wreathed in deepest frowns. "Halt!" she cries; "for you are chained down to the rocks of the past by the deeds of your fathers more firmly than Prometheus of old was bound by the hand of Jove!"

"What!" we groan; "are we never to shake off those shackles linking us to the past? Must we ever climb the rugged paths of life, dragging after us this load? Have compassion! blot out those phantasms of the past, for they are but dreams, and allow no one to move on into the future unencumbered with crime and wickedness!"

Alas! what gloomy thoughts have not crossed our minds! Have they left their shadows there? Have they darkened our lives with doubt and gloomy forebodings, depriving life of its sweetness, and our souls of hope and comfort?

No! On the contrary, they have opened our eyes to our surroundings. They have showed us that life is real, is sad, is earnest; that there are great duties for us to perform, and that there is an end to our being.

If we have pondered on all these things rightly and reverently, such will have been the result, and all doubt and despondency will have been removed. But if there still linger in our hearts any feelings of resentment and of rebellion against the aims of our Creator, let us now resolve to bid them farewell. Let us enter into the world unfettered by diseased minds—minds misled by ignorance and doubt. Let us realize that our existence is a real one; that the events of the past have all had their object. Let us recognize that power within us, without us, and above us, which is ever urging us onward and upward; and let us allow ourselves to be impelled by this power to deeds of greatness and of love.

While here at college, we have bound ourselves to one

another by bonds of friendship, which will last throughout our lives. Our daily contact and intercourse with one another has made known our every peculiarity; and our lives have been guided, to a great extent, not only by these reacting influences, but also by the pleasures and griefs we have together experienced. For we have had our sorrows—sorrows which perhaps seemed overwhelming.

Someone has said, with deep feeling, "Every sorrow tends to draw us Heavenward." This truth we have all experienced. For when one of our number, who had endeared himself to us by his pure and manly life, was called from our midst, did not the grief which we felt at being deprived of a loved companion, tend to lift us for the time out of our accustomed channels of thought, into the higher realms of aspiration? Have not our lives been influenced by his death as well as by his life? Are we not even now influenced by it? Yes! and we shall be for all time. When we think that our lives, our actions, *are* influencing, and *will* influence the world, and then turn and consider the life of our departed classmate, we cannot but earnestly desire that our lives may be like unto his, and that we may influence others, even as he.

It is with a feeling of heartfelt regret that we leave behind us college life and college associates; and yet there is a sense of pleasure, too, in launching out upon a new life with all its new experiences; in realizing that the period of youth is past, and that we are about to take our place as actors in the drama of life; that henceforth we are to count for something, and perhaps be of some value to the world. No longer children guided by the hand of parent or instructor, we are in the future to steer our own course through life.

Not only has our college course been productive of friendships among ourselves; we have had other friends—friends who

have won our deepest love and veneration; who have worked patiently and laboriously, faithfully endeavoring to impart their knowledge to us; giving us the benefit of their experience that we may be prepared to meet and conquer the difficulties in our paths. And we feel that these efforts have not been in vain, but that we have been strengthened, helped and directed toward goals, not vain and illusory, but real and attainable.

[*Turning to the Faculty.*] I have called you our friends—for there can be friendships between the weak and the strong; between the poor and the rich; between the ignorant and the wise. It is thus with our friendship for you. We recognize in you our benefactors; benefactors, because we have received at your hands a most precious gift, which, planted in us as a glowing coal, shall be fanned by the breath of our ambition into a flame, not pale and fitful, but bright and glorious:—that gift is *knowledge*.

We realize that it is our duty not to keep it locked up in our breasts; not merely to make use of it for our own selfish ends; but to let it shed abroad its rays upon all with whom we come in contact; to alleviate poverty and suffering; to dispel ignorance, and to do all in our power to raise the condition of our fellows.

And now, before we are scattered, we know not where, we desire to thank you and bid you farewell. But mere words of gratitude are of no avail: we must always remain your debtors.

And yet, if by any chance you should follow us with kindly eyes through the coming years, and should behold our paths lighted by occasional deeds of greatness and of piety, would you not feel in a measure rewarded for all your toil and trouble? We trust that such may be the case, and that our deeds of the future may tell more than our feeble words of to-day.

Haverford, thou shalt live forever! Thy good works shall

never perish! Years shall pass away, and with them, thy children; but thou art destined to stand unto the end! Even now thy horizon is brightly illumined, and proclaims the glories that lie just beyond. We are about to withdraw from the benign protection of thy roof and to wander in life's vast fields; but we go, fostering in our hearts an attachment—yes, a *love* for thee, which shall henceforth be a part of our nature. We shall gaze upon every new tower and pinnacle of thy fame, with eyes glowing with pride and affection, but even as we gaze, all these will melt away into the old Haverford, the Haverford of *our day*.

JOSEPH WEBSTER SHARP, JR.,
Valedictorian.



BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ISAAC SHARPLESS.

DELIVERED TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, 6TH MONTH 26TH, 1888.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS:—I am very glad to introduce you into the guild of College Graduates. It is a guild which certainly does not contain all of the merit or goodness which exists in the world, but it does contain a very large share of it. Membership in it is not necessarily a guarantee of character, or force, or even of scholarship; but for all these things it ranks far ahead of any other guild of equal size. A relatively very large proportion of all men eminent in politics and science and letters have one day stood where you stand now. You will find among its members in this country, presidents, congressmen and judges; the writers of books which are worth writing, and the sayers of good things which are worth saying; the most of the best lawyers and doctors; practically all the college professors; many of those who are weekly preaching Christianity to this country, and daily exemplifying it; many—not so many—of our merchants, and not a few of those who take hold of the mechanical problems of our century and solve them for the world. It is a worthy community, then, who inhabit the building across whose threshold you have just stepped, and the better you become acquainted, the more satisfied you will be that you have earned, at no small cost of time and effort, the right to claim equality in it. Nor, as time passes on, however great victories you achieve, do I think you

will say that Haverford has been anything but a faithful and honest mother, who kindly and intelligently watched over your course, and who will be very proud of all you may do henceforward. Nor would I have you to belittle what you have done. Of the thirty-two men who have been at various times associated with you in your course, just sixteen of you now receive the degree. From various causes, some of them in no wise discreditable, an equal number have failed wherein you succeed. It requires four years of honest work, a very fair amount of mental force, and a good share of moral rectitude to bring you to the place where you can be made Bachelors of Haverford College. And I am glad to believe that *you* will not hurt this honorable body by lowering its standard in any of these respects. It goes without saying that we part from you with regret, and that we look forward to your future, with solicitude it may be, but with much confidence. I know your loyalty to the college, and I suggest that the best test of it will be that you live out the principles it has endeavored to instil; that you adapt to the various circumstances of your lives the practical results of your discipline here; that you preach truth and do righteousness, as you have been taught, whereinsoever that teaching may commend itself to your consciences and your judgments. For your consciences and your judgments we have not sought to bind, and see you to it, that no other institution, no political party, no social circle, no religious organization, no pet ambitions, put such chains on you, as would tempt you to sacrifice one iota of the moral freedom of your consciences, or the intellectual freedom of your judgments. This individual liberty of thought and action does not prevent one from entering heartily into the harness of organization, to accomplish those purposes which commend themselves to him, but it will result that he will carry into it enthusiasm and energy. I am inclined to believe a remark I have recently heard, "That

just as men are voting enthusiasm bad form, women are taking up the work men are too limp or too selfish to perform." I will let that go for what it is worth, but if there is any ground for it, I believe it is caused by a feebleness of individual conviction, an indifference to the requirements of individual duty or opportunity, a merging of personal conscience and judgment into the collective conscience and judgment of some party or sect, which, in my opinion, is sapping the strength of our American nation, just in so far as it is allowed to prevail. And, therefore, I say to you, Own yourselves—work unselfishly with organizations whenever you can, but never sacrifice your individuality to any of their requirements. The memento you have left on our walls, which your kindly hearts have conceived and your skillful hands executed, tells you and us that it is possible to feel loyalty to an institution which, even in the formative days of your early manhood, has encouraged great freedom of thought; and if you are honest to your best convictions, you will not lack friends and parties to which you can ally yourselves, and with which you can work in a way to bring out all that is in you.

In the organizations, the rules and conditions of work must be observed. It is no mark of independence to be disloyal or illegal. Personal wishes and views must often be sacrificed or waived; the machine itself, so long as you remain in it, must not run with friction through your negligence or opposition. This much I am sure you have learned here, not only in your relations with the college, but with your societies and athletic associations. The internal life of a dormitory college is a world in miniature.

I take it, then, that a college experience should and does develop these two things, not at all incompatible with each other—efficiency as members of organizations, and freedom in intellectual operations. The systematic training of the mental powers should

certainly create efficiency in any work to be wrought, and the large proportion of college men everywhere in prominent places proves that it does. These men are, I believe, not only the most energetic and wise, but the most deferential, the most humble, and they have the most of all those qualities which go to make agreeable co-workers. Omitting the baldest specialists,—a class which, however useful they may be, are not to me the most pleasant to contemplate—it is undoubtedly the conclusion derived from minglings with men that the better one is educated, the broader becomes his grasp of principles, and the more he towers above his fellows in intellectual force, the more truly humble he becomes. From his greater elevation, the more the fields of ignorance seem to open out before him, and the more he knows and confesses his poverty. Just as the increase of astronomical knowledge has degraded the place of the earth from the central, chiefest body of the universe to a small subordinate of a small star, so increase of mental culture reduces the relative importance of one's own accomplishments and exalts others. And not only has it seemed so to me, but I can show you many testimonies, from the well-known one of Newton, that he had only waded ankle deep into the edge of the sea, while the great ocean lay unexplored beyond, down to the humility which says, "I was not born for court or great affairs; I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;" that all truly great men are modest men. Let the profound wisdom of the man who did not write Shakespeare be heard: "Let no man think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word or the book of God's works; but rather let them endeavor an endless progress or proficiency in both; only let them beware that they apply wit to charity, and not to groveling; to use, and not to ostentation.

"It is without all controversy, learning doth make the minds of men quiet, generous, amiable and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwart and mutinous."

Of all the charges against an advanced education, the one that it fosters intellectual pride seems to me the most baseless. The effect in theory and practice is just the reverse. There is no man more willing to go into the world's labors, with coat off and an open mind to learn to do, than the college graduate. There is no man more willing to serve as a private in the ranks, in any good cause in which he is interested, than the broadly-trained man, whether he be college graduate or not, and there is no man more tenacious of his own views, more proud of his own achievements, as Bacon expresses it, more "churlish, thwart and mutinous," than the ignorant man.

As your college education will promote efficiency and agreeableness in organized work, so it will promote freedom in your own moral and mental willings and doings. Some men have to think for the world—the world wants its thinking done for it—and you can take that place better than any other men of your generation; it may sound audacious, but no one will fail to recognize the fitness of the situation, or dare to call you usurpers, if in a truly scholarly and reverential spirit you quietly take up the burden.

I know you are cherishing in your hearts a desire and intention, each in the sphere in which he settles, to be reformers. The word *reformer* has a captivating sound to a young man, and especially to one with your possibilities. I am glad you are, and I know you are cherishing no Utopian expectations. Let me repeat the words of Horace Mann: "Let me ask whether among all the spectacles which earth presents is there one fairer and more enrapturing to the sight, than a young man, just fresh from his Creator's hands, with the unspent energies of a coming eternity wrapped up in his bosom, surveying and recounting in the solitude of his closet and the darkness of midnight, the mighty gifts with which he has been endowed, and the magnificent

career of usefulness and blessedness which is open before him; and resolving with one all-concentrating and all-hallowing word, that he will live true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of nature." I would have every young man of fair opportunities make such a vow in very earnest, and I know he can live it out. With the multitude of good objects of personal and corporate endeavor, there is reformation enough needed to employ us all. If a man will only live up to his possibilities, and make his body, in Huxley's oft-quoted words, the ready servant of his will; his intellect a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; no stunted ascetic; full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience;—if a man can do this, or any approach to it, then let him record his vow, that he will be felt in the efforts which make for righteousness in the world's progress, and will do what will justify to himself and his friends the title of reformer.

What is a reformer? A reformer is not a professional innovator who destroys old things for the sake of the joy of destruction, and the complacency of feeling that he has made his mark. He must clear much rubbish, but he is careful to hurt no tender growths of goodness,

" 'T is but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill,
Whate'er of good the old time had
Is living still."

He carefully measures his strength, and takes no cases he does not hope to master; he is not a mere theorist, who pushes an idea regardless of its bearings on others; he has firm convictions, but he holds them subject to revision with every new argument; he is not swayed by mere force of numbers against

him, and never backs down when he knows he is right ; he does not yield to discouragement, but quietly works away and bides his time ; he does not make enemies when he can avoid it, for he wants all the assistance he can in compassing his ends ; but he fears not to characterize meanness and vileness by their proper names ; he is not anxious for credit to himself, so his work goes on, but leaves to the future his meed ; he shares his friends' obloquy, but does not ask them to share his own, even though they may have caused it ; he seizes every legitimate aid, uses every pure instrument ; is fertile in his resources and vigorous in their application ; asks not quarter, but gives it ; obtrudes not himself, but his cause ; does his work quietly, and stays not his hand in the face of public opposition or misrepresentations ; seeks associates to help him, and shuns the bitterness of heart and loneliness of spirit into which defeat drives so many men ; shirks no responsibility, neither does he seek it ; uses alike well-meaning bigots and intemperate enthusiasts, and judges unerringly the capacities of every man, friend and foe ; in short, is as wise as he is zealous, and as pure and unselfish as he is energetic and powerful.

Such is my idea of a true reformer. If words of mine could impress on you the nobility and exceeding great rewards of such a career, I know you would turn modestly and determinedly into your task with an honest resolve, in greater or less spheres, to fill in the outline with your own lives. Do not allow physical or mental ease, or the fear of the cry of bad form, or anything else, to be in the way of taking your stand for what is right, and when the chronicles of the deeds of goodness are written by the impartial historian of the future, let many pages be given to the sons of Haverford.

One cannot but respect the literary as he also does the religious ascetic. Mental culture is a noble end as well as a

means. It affords resources of pure and elevating joys. The man who consigns his life to the quest of high scholarship is vastly higher in the plane than he who works for any selfish ends of a material or physical sort. A life of lettered ease has many excuses and much positive justification. Immortal fruits have occasionally been produced by such a life. But I take it that sometimes it may only be an excuse for laziness. Application does not weaken culture. How many of our scientists, from Newton to Newcomb, have used their talents at no expense to their power for administrative work. How many of our writers have efficiently performed a patriot's duty in foreign parts or in our halls of Congress, and have been none the less historians and essayists. One must steer clear of the rocks on both sides—on one he finds the ever-present pressing world tempting him away from intellectual exertion; on the other, he finds, if he takes pleasure in mental work, a desire, not less potent in some cases, to make himself ever a recipient of facts and a developer of powers of which the world has had no use. I need not say the former danger is by far the most harmful and seductive; the other, perhaps, need not be mentioned to you except in so far as to point this moral; that continual effort should be made to make whatever powers you have practical and useful, either to the world around you, or to the generations to come; that all your acquisitions should be continually seeking a place not only to develop themselves but to apply themselves to work. There is plenty to be done; the fields are very white; workmen are needed,—workmen that know how, and are willing to put hands and brains to their tasks. I cannot begin to tell you the causes that need your championship. You will have to find them in your work, in your rest, in your homes, your social circles, your business, your politics. When you see an evil, strike at it, and aim the blow with all the deftness of your acquired scholarship, and all the

force of your developed powers. When you see a struggling good, steady it and hold it up, and give it not only the efficacy of your inborn talents, but all the wealth of the intelligence and culture of collegiate training. Keep alert for chances to act.

The active life is the normal one. An old preacher has said that the boy who can sit still on a chair more than ten minutes ought to be shoved off; and somebody else, not a preacher, has expressed something that means the same,—that the man who can wear a paper collar a week is not good for anything else.

The boy aforesaid is no more abnormal than the college graduate who is not expecting activity to be his constant experience.

The active life is the useful and the happy one. Not merely the philanthropic worker, but the worker in any part of our machinery of the nineteenth century civilization, if he be honest and true to all his duties, and keep down selfishness, is furthering the cause of real goodness. It is no accident that the moral and material progress of the world advance together. It is no accident that our country is not only the most energetic in developing its resources of living, but the most righteous in the world. The scholar that toils over the solution of the complicated political and legal problems, that builds our great structures, that cures our physical ills; the merchant that brings face to face want and want, and satisfies both; the laborer that heaps the dirt or builds the wall, if all done in the true manly spirit, is pushing on the world in intelligence and righteousness, is developing himself as he ought to develop, and is enjoying his powers as he alone knows how to enjoy them.

We may respect the literary monks, and admire the ideal proportions of their intellects, but the cultivated brain put to work develops into a brawnier and more pliable organ than they can show.

And yet, O brethren ! what if God,
 When from heaven's top he spies abroad,
 And sees on this tormented stage
 The noble war of mankind rage ;
 What if his vivifying eye,
 O monks ! should pass your corners by ?
 For still the Lord is Lord of might,
 In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight ;
 The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
 The field, the founded city marks ;
 He marks the smiler of the streets,
 The singer upon garden seats ;
 He sees the climber in the rocks,
 To him the shepherd folds his flocks.
 For those he loves that underprop
 With daily virtues heaven's top,
 And bear the falling sky with ease,
 Unfrowning caryatides.
 Those he approves that ply the trade,
 That rock the child, that wed the maid ;
 That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
 Sow gladness on the peopled lands.
 And still with laughter, song and shout,
 Spin the great wheel of earth about.
 But ye ! O ye ! who linger still
 Here in your fortress on the hill,
 With placid face, with tranquil breath,
 The unsought volunteers of death,
 Our cheerful General on high
 With careless looks may pass *you* by.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Now I have just one more thought to express,—a thought
 which you have often heard before, but which, if I could make
 it as fresh to you as it is to me as I write, you would not object
 to as trite,—that all we have been speaking of can be secured
 inside the lines of Christianity better than anywhere else. I

have great respect for the reverent and honest doubters concerning the claims of the Christian religion. I would not have even that forced into unwilling and resisting intelligences, only I would have them give it the vantage ground and the presumption which its position, as an established faith of civilization, entitles it to, and lay themselves open to all its subtle influences, and then it might take its chances.

First, as to self-ownership in one's own moral and mental operations—freedom of conscience and judgment. Has not every Christian, from Paul downward, rejoiced in the consciousness of it? Have not the bondage of sin, the thralldom of habit, the fear of public opinion, been very real things till Christianity drove them all out? The slave or prisoner in chains knows no servitude if he have the freedom wherewith Christ makes him free. The intellect clouded with false philosophy feels the mists clear away under its inspiring beams, which tell not only to prove all things, but to hold fast to what is good.

It supplements philosophical theories, lifts the mind above distracting, unprofitable speculations, and satisfies the reasonable intelligence seeking a solid ground of truth, and is a philosophy worthy a thinking mind, such as does not exist elsewhere. The benumbed conscience, too, recovers its spring, and joyfully takes its proper place when it removes the passing load.

Then as to efficiency in organized work. How Christianity develops on the one hand, deference to others' views, and, on the other, courage in the support of our own. How it ever preaches unselfishness, the key to all successful effort. "Look not every man after his own," has abundance of practical applications in this connection. The whole spirit of the New Testament is kindness and charity for all, earnest work for the general good, submission to the powers that be, elimination of self, membership in a

body so complete that no one can say to us, There is no need of thee.

Then take the sketch of a reformer, which we had a few minutes ago ; or, better still, write out your own ideal of one. Is there in it any component part which is not a component part of the Christian character ? Can you base a real, wise reformation on a better standard than on the injunction to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves ? Or on the example which not only stayed the rashness of Peter's sword, but also hesitated not to drive the profaners from the temple, and characterized the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees by its proper name.

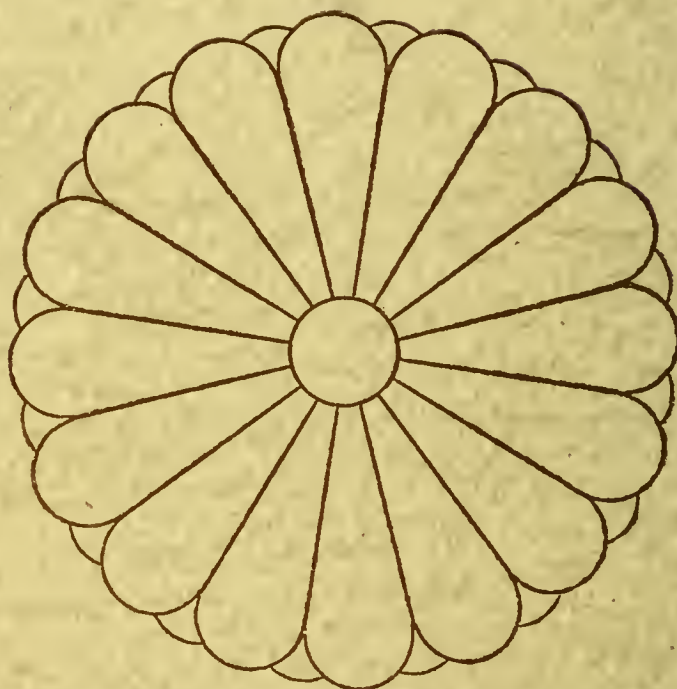
And, lastly, as to asceticism. It is true that the pillars of the East, the deserts of Africa, and the retired mountain tops of Europe, tell the life which men have thought, in past ages, that Christianity demanded of them. Traces of monasticism still linger around our religion. But consider the Christian Church of the United States to-day, the best exponent of Christianity, taken as a whole, in any land, or any time ; and it is a Church which puts to work every power of man. It leaves no evil unattacked ; it searches the world over for worthy causes ; it impresses the culture and the ignorance, the riches and the poverty, the strength and the weakness, into its service, and finds work for all. Its subtle spirit draws from his closet the dreamer, and he plunges into action ; it takes hold of the selfish accumulator of knowledge or money, and the hoarded wealth goes into beneficent enterprises ; it says to the ascetic, not only Cease to do evil, but learn to do well, and he comes down off his pillar, and plunges into the city's streets ; it says to everyone, Work while it is day, and the bounds of knowledge are enlarged, the limits of evil and suffering are circumscribed, and truth and beauty prevail.

And so I say to you that the thinking, progressive, reformatory spirit, which I know you admire as I do, has ample provision for itself in the established religion of civilization, and loyalty to it is, I believe, the most hopeful attitude to secure intellectual freedom, conscientious living, and lives of power.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.







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